

# THE DIAL

FEBRUARY 1928

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# THE DIAL

MARIANNE MOORE  
*Editor*

SCOFIELD THAYER  
*Adviser*

## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

**JOSEF RIPPL-RÓNAI** was born in 1861 in Kaposvár, Hungary. After studying in Munich under Alexander Liezen-Mayer, and the elder Herterich, he went to Paris where he was exceptionally favoured in his association with masters of painting and sculpture, working first with Michael von Munkácsy, and later with Bonnard, Vuillard, Maurice Denis, and with Maillol. After a number of years' study in the Pyrenees with Maillol as friend and critic, he returned in 1900 to Hungary and has since that time resided in Budapest. Among examples of his later work, certain pastel portraits are of particular interest.

**ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST** was born in Rochester, New York, and lives in Rochester. She was educated at St Timothy's School, Catonsville, Maryland. She has lived abroad and also in Tennessee. A group of her poems is shortly to appear in Harper's Magazine.

**THEODORE MAYNARD** was born in Madras, India, November 3, 1890. He studied in America for the Congregational ministry; became, in 1913 in England, a member of the Roman Catholic Church, spent a short novitiate with the order of the Dominicans, and since that time has been engaged in literary work. He has lectured upon literary and other subjects and in addition to editing a Catholic Anthology of verse, is the author of Poems, The Last Knight, The Divine Adventure, and other books. He was from 1921 to 1925 Professor of English Literature at the Dominican College, San Rafael, California, and is at present Professor of English Literature in the Fordham Graduate School, New York City.

**PHILIP LITTELL**, of the editorial staff of the *New Republic*, was born in Brookline, Massachusetts, and is a graduate of Harvard University. In his volume, *Books and Things*, are reflected his erudition and a broad literary experience.

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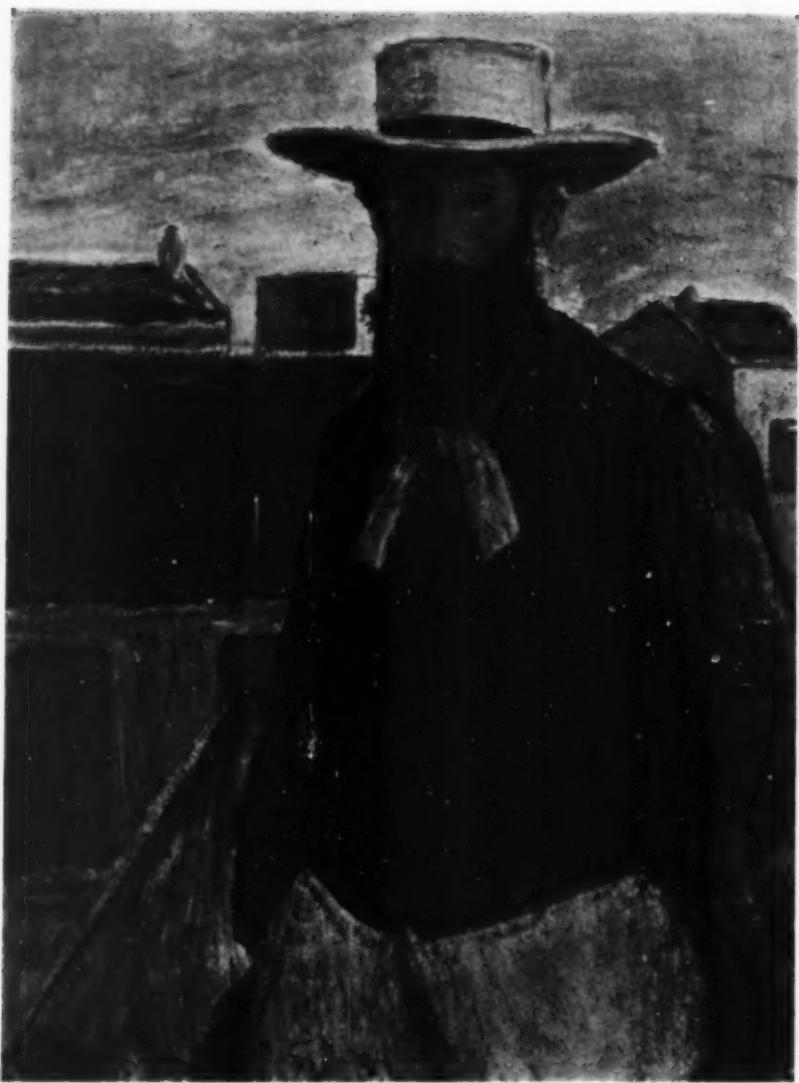
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**ARISTIDE MAILLOL. BY JOSEF RIPPL-RONAI**

# THE DIAL



FEBRUARY 1928

## THE DEATH OF ADONIS

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

The thrush rustles last year's leaves,  
Hunting arum root;  
The blackbird in his thicket weaves  
His rhymes; the cuckoo's flute  
Flatters the sun; a shrewd bee heaves  
His bag of golden loot.

How easily these things forget  
The fierce blue band of snow,  
The poppies cold and cruel and wet  
That filleted the brow  
Of dead Adonis when we set  
His garlands on him so.

The same sweet business of the bird;  
The same thrift of the bee;  
Always the same: can they have heard  
With what sad paces we  
Stepped, what tears as we interred  
Our white youth in the sea?

Did they not know our nails were red  
With beating on our breast?  
Nor watch us as we put the dead

NOTE: In memory of Morris Auslander, 1890-1901.

## THE DEATH OF ADONIS

Down in his silver nest?  
Nor note the poppies on his head  
Bruised where our fingers pressed?

Where were these things he loved that they  
Could let him so be slain?  
Had they forgotten that black day  
Dense with the rush of rain  
When through a pipe of sodden hay  
He sucked the sun again?

Have these no memory beyond  
The moment and their need?  
No thought save to the diamond  
That glistens on the reed,  
Deaf to the song that shakes the frond,  
Blind to the stops that bleed?

What is this beauty they fulfill,  
This negligent delight?  
The wild rose whitens on the hill;  
The laurel bush is white;  
These bloom; they sing, they work—and still  
He comes not in our sight.

He comes not to our hunger nor  
Shall come again to these:  
The bird who sits on his cool floor  
Drowned in his melodies;  
The bee who staggers to his door  
Dusty with robberies.

Our Syrian Adonis, our  
So young, so dead to them,  
Whose blood is on the blood-root flower  
Clotting the broken stem;  
Whose blood dropped on the dismal hour  
A purple diadem.

Look you, if seven virgins bring  
Barley and wheat, the thin  
Yellow fennel flowering,  
Lettuce with milky skin,  
Will the blood-spotted withered spring  
Accept such medicine?

Though the old women say it, though  
The men with wrinkled eyes  
Mumble that this thing is so,  
And though a witch is wise—  
Nevertheless our sick hearts know,  
Our questions and our cries.

Can you cut a furrow with foxes? Jar  
The he-goats from their cud?  
Harness tigers to a car?  
Win lynxes from their blood?  
Freeze the savage Syrian star?  
Or tame the eagle's brood?

Sooner hounds will drink with does;  
Horses with griffins mate;  
Or darnel sprout a single rose;  
Or love grow out of hate;  
Or the goose warble where he goes  
In the wild swan's estate.

Bring water, bind the altars with  
A soft wooden yoke,  
Burn twigs bubbling bitter pith  
And make a pungent smoke:  
Our young god is a lonely myth,  
And whom shall we invoke?

Three hundred snow-white bullocks were  
Too few; even a force  
Of stallions foreign to the spur

## THE DEATH OF ADONIS

Of the Assyrian horse—  
If we must weep, this smoke will blur  
Our sorrow at the source.

The share rusts where the stubborn ox  
Groaned as his sinews felt  
The slow resistance of the rocks;  
Under Orion's Belt  
We should clip clean our silver flocks  
And sow our golden spelt.

The harrow and the wicker hurdle  
Moulder in green scurf;  
The virgin chafes at her fragrant girdle;  
The burrs glare on the turf;  
The earthen bowls of goat's milk curdle;  
The willow sighs like surf.

The snake has long split asunder  
And tarnished his new mail:  
What do we wait for? Is it thunder  
That turns our tight lips pale?  
Soon will the moth be blown dust under  
The hammers of the hail.

Soon will the butterflies in cotton  
Sleep with suspended breath;  
The windfalls in the orchard rotten  
With rain mildew beneath;  
And the dead spring will be forgotten  
At length even by death.

Only the blackbird will insist  
On his rich creed; the thrush  
Will rummage like a botanist;  
The bee will drowse in plush;  
While that serene ventriloquist,  
The cuckoo, cannot hush.

## TRAVELLERS

BY L. A. G. STRONG

THE driver pointed with his whip toward a high round hill on my side of the jaunting car and, shifting his quid, spat clear of the wheel with great precision.

"Just forenint o' where that cross is now—before it was stuck up there, d'ye see—there was a poacher met with a gamekeeper. The gamekeeper was out a long time lookin' for this same poacher, a lad that had bested him more than once, an' one night the' met, just forenint that cross: only the cross wasn't there, d'ye see: it was—hol' up!"

The mare pecked suddenly and recovered, and the driver broke off his narrative to pull on the reins.

"There's no knowin'," he continued, after a minute, "which one o' them seen the other first. Mebbe both the same time. But there was two shots fired, as near together as no matter; and there the two o' them was found the day after, dead corpses, lookin' at each other. The doctor said, judgin' by th' examination of them, they was neither one killed off straight, but they must have stuck there some time watchin' one another die, and maybe with only the breath to let a curse on each other and they goin' off.

"The friends o' the two o' them met in Inchileenagh, and first they was for fightin': but one o' them says, 'Let up, boys,' says he, 'sure it's a clean score, an' they're both quit. Neither one o' them is left livin' after the other,' says he, 'so it's a clean score.' So they made friends on that, and drinks all round, and they put up the cross between the lot o' them."

He shifted his quid once more, and we jogged on in silence. I was but fifteen; illness had kept me away from school, and so, when a cousin came back on leave from the East, my father had been glad to suggest that the two of us should travel about Ireland. For pretext, we left letters upon my father's old clients, but they were of no real importance, merely settling for us where to go, and taking us to out-of-the-way places. We were the best of friends, despite eight years between us, and the days were good.

We came to the top of a steep hill: the driver delivered a sudden exhortation to the mare, and clapped on the brake. Close before us, in a hollow, lay the little town of Inchileenagh; only the sharpness of the hill had prevented us from seeing it sooner. The mare, her ears cocked, put her feet down warily, sliding forward a little with each step. The car lurched violently, and we sat at an angle, protecting our hip bones from the little iron rail above the cushion, and studying the view as best we might.

Near the foot of the hill was a sharp curve to the left. Sloping at improbable angles, we negotiated it somehow, but not until we were well round did we see what was happening in the road before us.

A big man, hot and uncomfortable, with a soft felt hat and a walking-stick, had appeared from a laneway and was walking quickly towards the town, pursued by a little woman in black. He hurried on, trying to ignore her, but she caught him up and began clutching at his sleeve, beating at him with her hands, and crying out something which we could not hear. The big man stopped, and we caught sight of his profile as he put out a hand to restrain her. Neither saw us; and as we came nearer she broke through his half-hearted defence and beat at his face.

Our driver gave a short bark of amusement, but I was shocked at the sight; the big man, his hat all crooked, his face red and sheepish, clumsily holding off the little old woman, trying to quiet her in tones of foolish expostulation: she beating in his arms like a black withered bird, repeatedly landing a blow on his chest and chin—the extent of her reach.

“Go to her, then,” she screamed breathlessly, as we came close. “Go to her. You’re free, do you hear! Free, free, free!”

And on each word she struck at him with all her might.

Suddenly the man looked up and saw us. Even so he could not quiet the woman till we were almost upon them. Then, seeing that they were observed, the woman stood aside, panting, dishevelled, to let us pass. The man, very red and flustered, straightened his hat and drew himself up in an attempt at dignity and unconcern: and, once we had passed them, I did not look back. It was the first time I had seen a grown person stripped of self-possession, and I felt that I had witnessed something indecent.

My cousin noticed my distress, and turned to the driver with a laugh.

"Queer things still happen in these parts," he said.

"Oh, indeed the' do."

And then, as we had reached the foot of the hill, he shot off the brake, flicked the mare lightly with the whip, and we drove into the town of Inchileenagh with a flourish. The Imperial Hotel had been recommended to us as the least villainous of three, so there we went, left our traps, and ordered an early dinner. Then we got back in the car, the hour being about half past five, and went on to discharge our one piece of business.

When we got back, we decided to spend the rest of the time before dinner in exploring the town. Inchileenagh was like many other small country towns in Ireland. The streets were narrow, rather dirty, and full of public houses. At one end was the river, crossed by an old bridge of singular beauty, with ivy-covered piers. Along it loafed a number of men, some sitting, some leaning, all spitting meditatively into the water. There was a police station, and a town hall; and as we reached the latter, we saw that something unusual was in the air. A number of crates and some pieces of tattered scenery, looking incredibly garish in the summer evening, were being unloaded from a lorry, and carried in at an obscure folding door at the end of the hall. Upon the crates, in large but faded letters, ran the legend, "The O'Donovan-Morgan Opera Co.": and a little further on we found a bill, with full particulars. Faust was the opera with which, "by special request," the town of Inchileenagh was to be favoured. Then followed a list of the company's personnel. Beyond such attributes as "the eminent tenor," "Ireland's favourite soprano," and the like, the bill was reticent about all the singers save one: but upon this one it let itself go with considerable freedom. At the end of the list was magnificently inscribed:

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My hopes rose high. I had never heard a great singer, and had often longed to do so.

"Dennis," I said, turning eagerly to my cousin, "what luck. But what is a man like that doing here?"

"I can't tell you," he replied. "Probably some old crock on his last legs. Or drink, perhaps. Still, we'll go."

We booked seats there and then, the best to be had, and I went back to dinner reluctantly. I was fifteen, and so I suppose should have outgrown my first excitement about the stage. But there it was; and I gazed with great respect and a secret envy upon the slightly shabby persons who were congregated about the "stage door."

We had ordered our dinner, so nothing remained but to find and eat it. An attempt upon the "Coffee Room" was frustrated in the nick of time by an embarrassed damsels, who explained breathlessly that "it wasn't fit" and conducted us to the "Commercial Room." Here we found a table set for three, and, in the window, the gentleman with whom we were evidently to share it. This gentleman, upon our entrance, lowered his paper and gazed at us without expression. My cousin rose to the situation at once.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," he said, advancing with a charming smile. "I'm afraid we are intruders here: but really, we've no choice. They wouldn't let us into the other room. I hope you have no objection to our sharing this one with you."

The gentleman smiled amiably, and executed a courteous gesture with his fat hand.

"None in the world," said he. "Sure I'm glad of company. So they wouldn't let ye into the Coffee Room?"

"They wouldn't."

"An' small wonder. 'Tis stiff with shifts and chemises, it is, and they on the back of the chairs to dry. Ah, they've no idee. Look at that, now."

He pointed with the stem of his pipe at an object which had caught my eye already—a stuffed fox, over whose back was stiffly draped a doormat.

"Will you believe me, now," continued our friend, "but the little girl was for skelping that mat in here. Brought it in here, she

did, and cocked it up on the fox. 'Glory be to God, girl,' says I, 'yer're not going to beat that in here?' 'The mistress is after tellin' me to beat it,' says she. 'But she didn't tell ye to beat it in here,' says I, 'get away out o' this now, or it's yourself will be beaten,' says I, 'and not the mat.' So she gives me a grin and off with her, and glad enough to spare the work."

The gentleman paused, and spat out of the window. "Ah, sure," he said, replacing his pipe. "They know no better. They've no idee."

He was a stoutish little man, bald on the top of his head, with a red face, a straggly moustache the worse for nicotine, and goggle eyes. All the same, there was something attractive about him, and we found ourselves liking him as the meal went on.

"Ah yes," said he, his mouth full, "it's not a bad life, ye know. Of course, there's draabacks. Hotels is bad sometimes—this is one of the good ones, for they try to make ye comfortable, even if ye have to tell them the way—and railway stations in winter is the devil. And of course, ye can't always choose yer company. Sometimes the company in the commercial room is mixed—very mixed. There's a lot of fellas got into the profession nowadays that has no respect for its traditions—no respect at all. We wouldn't have tolerated the like in the old days. But generally speaking there's pleasant company, and plenty of it."

"But don't you find it a trial to be so often away from home?" asked my cousin.

"Well now"—he wiped his moustache with the back of his hand—"you're right. Yet, in a manner of speaking, it's not such a draaback as it looks. D'ye know Rathmines? Ye do. Well, I've a nice little spot there, with a grand view of the mountains—I'm at home, I was saying, about one night in the week, maybe two; my wife's always eager and glad to see me, and so are the children, and that's a good thing, anyway."

He told us more about his children and his home, and then stopped. My cousin no less confidentially told him our story. He proved to be as good a listener as talker; asking a shrewd question from time to time, with many an interjected "Well now," and "Do ye tell me that," and, above all, with an interest so

unfeigned as to charm any narrator. When we came to the subject of my illness, he turned to me with such ready concern that my heart was finally won.

"But, sure, you're over yer weakness now?" he asked me, picking his teeth.

I hastened to answer that I was, whereon he gave me an approving nod, and leant back in his chair.

"Are yer going to the Op'ra?" he enquired presently.

"We are," replied my cousin. "But tell me now—you're sure to know—this man McCaragh—is he all they say he is?"

"Oh, indeed he is, and damn the lie. Many's the time I've heard him."

"Well, why is he here?"

Our friend in expressive pantomime lifted his little finger and tilted back his head.

"That same," he replied. "They could never be sure would he be able to go on or not, and he had such a grand voice they gave him all the chances they could. But sure, it was the same in every troupe he joined: and after he'd let them down two or three times, they'd fire him off, and so down he'd go, and down, till he comes to sing *Faust* in Inchileenagh."

"But isn't his voice all to bits?"

"It is not, and isn't that the queer thing? Mind ye, he's on in years, and it's not the voice it was: but it's a damn fine voice all the same. And you're pretty safe of him now, what's more, for he hasn't enough to make himself drunk. It takes a hell of a draught to put him under."

"Do ye know how they found him? Faith, it beats the finding of McCormack altogether. Did ye ever hear tell of the gallery o' the Gaiety Theatre, in Dublin?"

My cousin smiled.

"Ye know the way they had of singing in the waits of an opera. One fella would sing this bit, and another fella that bit, as well as the fellas on the stage sometimes, begob. Well, it was in Rig'letta: and young Murtagh was up in the gallery.

"After one of the scenes, when the curtain was down, someone turns to Murtagh and says, 'That's a grand singer!' says he. 'Do ye think so?' answers Murtagh back to him (he had drink taken,

even then). 'Do ye think so?' says he. 'Bedam, but I could do it better than that meself.' 'Ah, how are ye?' says the fella to him, daring him. 'I'll show ye can I,' says Murtagh, and he stands up and starts off—he had a grand strong voice.

"Well, sure, in a minute every head was turned round, stalls and boxes and all, looking up to the gallery, for they never heard the like.

"When he done there was great hand-clapping, and presently one of the attendants comes up and wants to know who it was done the singing. Murtagh was for showing fight, because he thought they were coming to fire him out, but the attendant swore there was no harm intended to him. So down he goes to the fella that owned the troupe.

"It was you was singing, was it?" says he to Murtagh.

"It was," says Murtagh, a bit daunted by the white shirt of the fella, 'but sure, I meant no harm.'

"H'm," says the manager man. 'And what trade might ye follow?'

"I'm a porter, Sir," says Murtagh.

"Well," says the manager, 'ye'll be a porter no longer,' says he, 'for ye'll come along with me, and I'll make a singer of ye. What's more, if ye'll do what I tell ye, I'll make a damn fine singer of ye.'

"So Murtagh went off, and in less than three years he came back and gave a concert at the Rotunda: and everyone said no better voice came out of Ireland, not even Foli himself. I tell ye, that man's sung half over the world: if he could only have stuck it, he'd be in the top flight."

"And here he is now," said my cousin, making patterns with the breadcrumbs on the cloth.

"And here he is now, as ye say," replied our companion, "singin' Faust to gomachs in Inchileenagh. Ah well," he stretched himself, and yawned enormously, "sure it's an event for the place."

"Very little happens here, I suppose?"

"Little enough. And what does happen has no sense."

"What do ye mean, exactly?"

"Well, it's this way." He turned himself sideways in his chair, and frowned up at the sluggish flies around the gas-jet on the ceil-

ing. "What goes on here goes on sleeping, underground: ye see nothin' of it. Then, one day, all of a sudden, something 'll happen, and no reason to show—no reason at all."

"Like the gamekeeper and the poacher who shot each other?" I interjected shyly. He gave me a quick look.

"Aye, like that," he said. "Bang-bang. That's all. No why nor wherefore, not a word ye might hear till the two dead corpses are starin' ye in the face. Oh, it's queer, the way things go on in these parts." He rose and walked over to the window.

"For that matter," he said, over his shoulder, "if ye'd been here a bit sooner before your dinner ye'd have seen something happen, here under this window."

"Yes?"

"I heard a noise, but I didn't heed it much, till the little girl ran up full of it. An old woman in a fit, and I was just in time to see them cartin' her into the chemist opposite."

My cousin and I looked at each other.

"What was she like?"

"Faith, a little old woman in black, with a bonnet on her. I didn't see but the white of her face as they carried her in. Why," he said, screwing up his eyes at us, "do ye know her?"

"No," said my cousin, "but we saw an old woman on the road as we were coming along."

"Well, the poor soul," said he, turning to the window again, "I'm thinking it's her last jaunt, for they were saying below she'd never over it. H'm." He hummed a few bars. "Are ye goin'? Well, I'll see ye at the opera."

In a few minutes we were outside strolling towards the Town Hall. I was strangely moved, and felt within me an exaltation, a sudden perception of the wonder of life, which brought a lump into my throat. The bridge was almost deserted. The sun was sinking, and the town, the trees, the distant hills swam before my eyes in kindly gold. I trod upon air: and with every step my soul went out towards the uncouth stranger who had shared our meal. Here, I thought, are three human beings, dissimilar as may be, whom chance has brought together: fellow travellers, fellow adventurers, bound alike to life, telling each other in perfect trust their fortunes and their hopes. It was my first actual realization of the

brotherhood of man. One cannot at this distance convey the full sense of that discovery; at fifteen these movements have a convincing beauty that later years cannot describe.

We were soon inside the hall, seated upon chairs reserved for "the quality," covered, two whole rows of them, with crimson baize. As it happened, we were isolated, for "the quality" was apparently the one section of Inchileenagh which did not patronize the opera, and our only companions we suspected of being the editor of the local paper, and his wife, with free passes.

The performance was to consist of the solos and concerted numbers of the opera, for the company did not run to a chorus: and, not more than ten minutes after the advertised time, lights were lowered, and the overture struck up on the piano.

The company—I remember their names still, as well as if I had the programme in my hand. Mr Leo Peabody, the Faust, thin and reedy, but true and never unpleasant: Mr Carlos Gooding, the Mephisto, with an exaggerated *vibrato* and mannerisms: Miss Susanne Perle, the Marguerita, surprisingly good, but no longer young: Miss Sybil Child, who by quick changes of wigs and garments, doubled the parts of Siebel and Martha, singing both in a fresh, unspoiled contralto: and, last and greatest—Murtagh McCaragh.

The scene where the Mephisto turns the water of the fountain into wine was cut, so we had to wait till Valentine's *cavatina* to gain a sight of the great man. The preliminary bars clanked from the piano, and from the wings appeared—the big man we had seen on the road. It was a shock, yet hardly unexpected; however, I had no time to think about it then. The audience greeted him with enthusiasm; he smiled easily, fumbled in his ample breast for Marguerita's token, and began to sing.

My first feeling was one of disappointment. Never having heard a great singer, I suppose that in my ignorance I had expected something volcanic: and the voice in the short recitative, though easy and full, seemed to me in no way remarkable. The singer, too, seemed indifferent to his work.

Then—suddenly—a change came over him. As the piano sounded the introduction to the *aria*, he shut his eyes. It might have been fancy, but I could swear a tremor ran through him: he

smiled to himself, and when he opened his eyes again, their light was different. The look of bored good-humour had given place to a strange gleam, almost of defiance. We were sitting right under him, and could see his smallest movement.

Then, once more, he closed his eyes, and sang. The great notes rolled out pure and full, with an exaltation, an almost savage power, that seemed to thrill through the very chairs we sat on. When he came to the martial movement, he opened his eyes and declaimed it with a volume and a fire which was literally frightening. Then his voice sank magnificently back upon the slow swell of the air. Inevitable as a great wave sweeping to the shore, it rose towards the climax of the music, gleamed there a moment in majesty, and rolled out the final notes in rings and rings of sound.

There was a silence, then applause. It was frantic. We clapped and stamped and shouted: I only stopped when my hands hurt too much to go on. McCaragh himself seemed almost dazed: then his face lit up with an expression hard to analyse. Many times he had to come on, and bow again, and yet again, with a certain ironic dignity; yet it was obvious that he had been deeply moved. When at last he disappeared, I sat back exhausted, let my aching hands lie limp, and murmured to myself over and over again—I don't know why—

“I am the Duchess of Malfi still.”

There is little else that I remember till the scene of Valentine's death. In the dual trio McCaragh carefully “sang down” to the others, and they, to do them justice, had been roused rather than discouraged, doing their best not to disgrace their great colleague. Indeed, with all its inadequacies, I have never seen a more spirited performance of *Faust* than that handful of singers gave with their clanking piano in the town hall of Inchileenagh. There was magic abroad; they were possessed with it.

The duel was over: Mephisto's treacherous blade had done its work (amid loud booing from the back seats) and Valentine lay writhing on the ground.

The music does not seem sublime to me now, and I have heard many Valentines curse many Margueritas, but I have never known the scene played as those two played it. The man was inspired. Between him and the audience flowed that magic current of emotion that made the moment apt for a revelation. The facile

phrases were transfigured, the whole place filled with the agony and pity of noble strength treacherously brought low: and there was fear also, as if a lion that could no longer strike still cowed the hunters by the sheer terror of his wrath. The whole barbaric power of that great voice attacked each note of denunciation with stunning force, and the soprano herself recoiled, in a wild excitement that left her pale and breathless, from the rage and spate of sound.

I have often wondered if we were all hypnotized into believing it better than it was, for of course any artist's success must always depend partly upon his audience's will to believe. There can be no doubt, however, that we heard a great singer on one of those nights when his fire burnt at its highest and nothing stood between him and fulfilment. We were uplifted, shaken, dazed, beside ourselves. I sat trembling from head to foot, till the last trio swung us out into the street and the cool air.

The long summer night still held the sky, and a gentle breeze refreshed our foreheads. We crossed the bridge, and walked until we reached the gloom of a little wood, a chill cavern of darkness, astir with scents and the scurrying of little beasts. We stood drinking in the sweet air; and then turned slowly back. Over a blunt low hill on our right a faint radiance hovered. It grew steadily, and the line of the hill showed more and more distinctly. Then a gleam winked and trembled on the dark line, and the enormous moon, wavering and unstable, shouldered her bulk into the heaven. We watched till she rose clear of the hills, gaining dignity and radiance at every minute, and then walked homeward, with our shadows gradually deepening before us.

At the foot of the stairway we met our friend, who had seen us through the glass door of the bar, and stepped out to meet us. He said nothing, but raised his eyebrows in enquiry. We nodded. He nodded back; and there we stood, our hearts overflowing with delight, nodding at each other in absurd enthusiasm. Yet he knew nothing of the mystery we shared. "What goes on here, goes on sleeping, underground; ye see nothin' of it, then, one day, something happens. . . ." This time we had seen a little more. Not much more, but enough to give to what had happened a double significance.

"Are ye goin' to bed? Yez are? Well, I'd better say good-

bye to ye so, for I've an early start before me. What—you have an early start, too? Faith, that's grand. We'll meet at breakfast, then. Good-night to ye both."

And with a wave of his hand he went back to the bar.

A minute later I was in my room. I did not want to talk, nor I think did my cousin. The moon was flooding in at the window: I crossed to the broad ledge, and sat there with my knees drawn up, looking down on the empty street. Now and then a man would go by, and voices would sound for a moment: otherwise the night was still and peaceful.

How long I had been there I do not know, when suddenly my attention was caught by the two figures in the street. They came along, clear in the moonlight, and passed close to where I sat: McCaragh and the soprano. He was talking to her, earnestly, in low tones, gesticulating with one hand: she walked silently, with little steps, her shoulders hunched up and her eyes on the ground. Close to me they passed, down the street, and round the corner out of sight.

I did not try to piece out their story, and have never really tried since; but I sat on there till I was stiff, and the moon had wheeled a great course in the sky, pondering with secret fear and joy upon the heritage of life which was mine. The driver, the little old woman, our friend the traveller; Faust, the pinewood, and the moon rising—what a day I had been through. And now this last incident in the drama—enacted for me alone.

The moon rose higher, and the shadows in the little street changed their shape. Distant, faint in the moonlight, stood the hill where the gamekeeper and the poacher had fought their strange duel. Soon all movement ceased, and, except maybe for a big man and a woman talking somewhere down by the river, there was stillness in the town where things happened that had no sense to them.

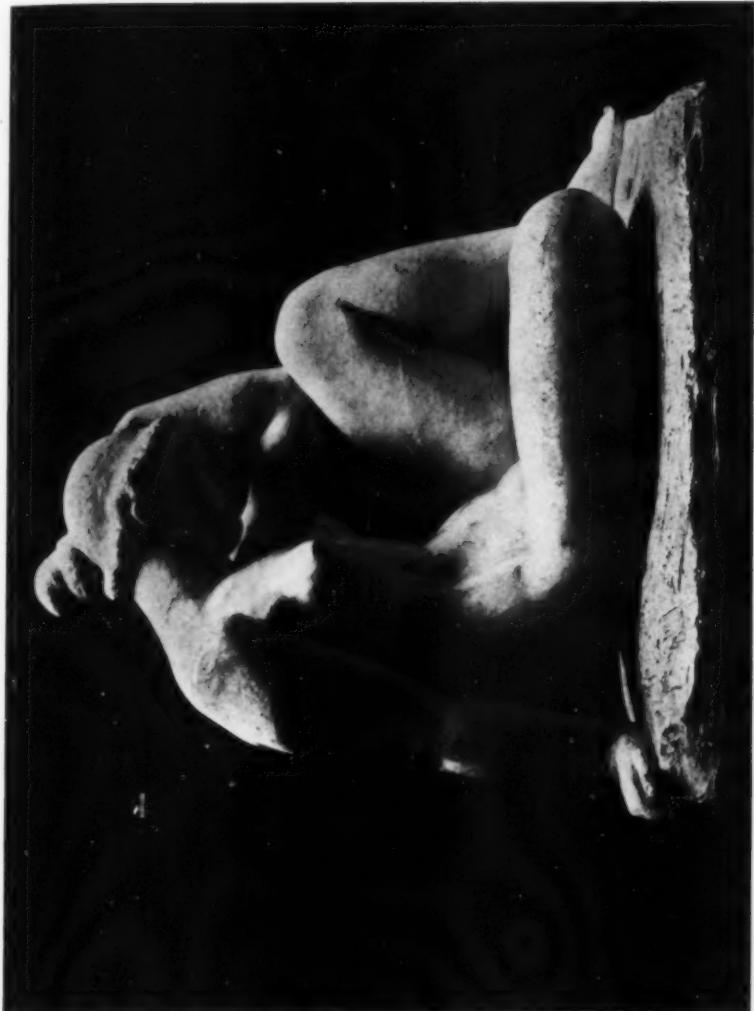
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Photograph by Drriet

FEMME ACCROUPIE. BY ARISTIDE MAILLOL





Photograph by Dréet

FEMME ACCROUPEE. BY ARISTIDE MAILLOL



## TWO POEMS

BY ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST

### TRYST

I look down  
The flowers' throats,  
Peer into  
The roadside moats,  
Eye the spot  
The lightning's riven,  
Look beneath  
Each stone for heaven:

Then the reeds  
Begin to flutter,  
All the ponds  
Grow bright and utter  
Ripples, and  
The quicksands shake  
Underneath the  
Quivering brake.

Suddenly  
Across the moors  
Every patch  
Of pine has doors—  
Lichenized boughs  
Make lintels through  
Which I flit—  
And dusk shuts to.

### CATACLYSM

I was joy  
And bliss  
And pain.

## TWO POEMS

I was sun  
And moon  
And rain.

Now I'm nothing  
And I spin  
In a world  
Of death and sin.  
Sinks the sun  
In a black sea—  
I am lashed  
To mystery.

Nothing once and  
Free to spin  
In a world  
Of death and sin,  
I am joy  
And bliss  
And pain.  
I am sun  
And moon  
And rain.

## AN EMOTIONAL UNITY

BY T. S. ELIOT

THE late Baron von Hügel occupied, for many years, a privileged place both in society and in the world of religion. By birth he was an Austrian of Rhineland origin; but his mother belonged to a distinguished military Scotch family, and his wife was English. He had been given an informal sort of education, in several countries, chiefly in Belgium and Italy; and his favourite place of residence was England. He retained his Austrian nationality until the war; but his loyalty to the British cause was undoubted, and soon after the outbreak of the war he was accepted as a British subject. Yet he always kept up the many and affectionate friendships which he had formed in Germany as in every other country. Similarly in religion. He was a Roman Catholic, whose orthodoxy was never called into question; yet his greatest activities, many of his warmest friendships, and perhaps his strongest influence, were among German and English Protestants and among French Modernists. He moved unscathed through the thick of the Modernist movement, and was intimate with Father Tyrrell until the end. He filled a peculiar position.

I never met Baron von Hügel, and I have never read his greatest book, *The Mystical Element in Religion*. The latter defect I do not regret; it is easily repaired, though I am not sure that I shall ever repair it. But I regret very much not having even seen him. For testimony of friends who knew him makes it evident that there was far more in the man than in any of his books. His style, it must be admitted, is not encouraging. He had thoroughly mastered grammatical English; but his style is heavy, difficult, Germanic. He was the victim of a passion for thoroughness, and was indeed rather long-winded. But his Letters are comparatively readable; here we are concerned not with following any close reasoning but with the cumulative effect of a rather grand personality, as it

NOTE: *Selected Letters of Baron Friedrich von Hügel (1896-1924)*. Edited with a Memoir by Bernard Holland. 8vo. 377 pages. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$7.

overflowed here and there over his innumerable correspondents, who range from prelates and philosophers to an anonymous young girl. In this volume we get as near as possible to a personality which far exceeded in value any of its printed monuments.

In some important respects, in fact, we realize that von Hügel, and his interests, are out of date. On the one hand we must remain grateful to him as one who, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, *kept open his communications with the future*. He was always in the midst of the theological and ecclesiastical battle—in the midst, but loved by all sides and attacked by none—at a time which is now quite past. Their quarrels and their problems are not ours: though perhaps since the early seventeenth century there has been no age of such acute theological controversy as is our own. The alteration is too great for von Hügel to have understood, if he had lived longer. We have a different attitude towards science—we have had Einstein and Whitehead—and a new attitude towards religion—we are brawling over Thomism and the Liturgy. It is possible to say that von Hügel in his time was Orthodox; it would be difficult to say whether he could be orthodox now. At all events, he would have had to make a choice that he never had to make.

I can speak of von Hügel as belonging to a past age, although he died only two years ago. For his greatest work and his greatest influence belong to the earlier part of the period covered; and end, we may say, with such events as the death of George Tyrrell and the withdrawal of Loisy. Von Hügel, though not a Modernist, belongs to the period of Modernism. And von Hügel's variety of orthodoxy, I suspect, is as out of date as Tyrrell's variety of Modernism. The last survival of the old Modernism is that elusive sprite which appears at the Abbé Brémont's literary *séances*: *La Poésie Pure*. In those stormy remote days it may appear that the good Baron, as a good Roman Catholic, skated upon pretty thin ice. But although he remained loyal to his friends, even when they had been excommunicated, I feel sure that a curious instinct prevented him from sharing their views even when he might almost be said to have thought he did. He had a strong blind passionate desire for the unity of Christendom; nothing would have made him happier than any kind of reunion of all the Churches; and had he been a Pope himself, would doubtless have stretched every frontier to the breaking point in order to keep everybody within "the

Church." But he did not have a Modernist sensibility. And that, I think, is the real point about Modernism, and the reason why it is dead. Modernists thought that they were trying to reconcile ancient feeling with modern thought and science. If that had been what they were trying to do, they might have been more successful; but they were really attempting something much more difficult—the reconciliation of antagonistic currents of feeling within themselves. This is the real issue; and they remain tragic not because some of them suffered in the world, or suffered excommunication by the Church: that is a slight matter compared to the division in their own hearts.

Von Hügel, a much simpler soul, escaped all these torments because of his emotional unity. His instinct is orthodox. Thus he says of the German Mystics

"far and away the most important, although the least, materially, orthodox (his intentions were admittedly good and even saintly throughout), is Meister Eckhart. All the others (I include writers such as à Kempis, who are only incidentally mystical) are but modifications, corrections of the mighty Eckhart."

Here he speaks with authority, and his opinion would be endorsed by any understanding non-Christian critic of the subject. When he criticizes Buddhism (e.g. on page 364) he is admirable in his combination of sympathy with firm Christianity. His observation on the celebrated Indian Christian Sadhu (page 347) goes to the heart of the matter. His comments on Doctor Jacks and Professor Wildon Carr are worth reading (page 310). And he has decided for himself that the thirteenth century was a grander epoch than the sixteenth century (page 292). He is good, with a few phrases, on Tertullian (page 276). And his words about Shakespeare are worth pondering.

"As to Shakespeare, he is, indeed, an utter marvel of richness. But, in Shakespeare, I always end by feeling a limit in a way the very contrary to Milton's limit—yet a grave limit still. Shakespeare is a true child of the Renaissance also in the *Renaissance's limitation*. He has not got that sense—not merely of life's mystery etc.—but of the supernatural, of the other Life, of God, our Thirst

and our Home—he has not got what Browning—on these points—has so magnificently. No dying figure in Shakespeare looks *forward*; they all look backward; none thirst for the otherness of God; they all enjoy, or suffer in, and with, and for, the visible, or at least, the immanent alone. When the soul is fully awake, this is not enough; it only arouses, or expresses, man's middle depths, not his deepest depths. It is not anti-Christian; it is even Christian—more Christian, really, than Milton—as far as it gets; but it does not reach the ultimate depths, it never utters the full Christian paradox and poignancy."

There is much more to be said for the Baron, however, than praise of his stray shrewd comments. When we read enough of his letters—and there are enough in this volume—we come to think of him as almost a saint, as a minor master of the devotional life. He was manifestly not merely a good man; he had also that more exact and disciplined virtue which comes only from the regular practice of devotion in one of the systematic religions. He was not—as I think I have already intimated—a great philosopher or theologian. His feelings were exact, but his ideas were often vague. And his mysticism is no longer the order of the day. He belongs to a past epoch, a period of intellectual indistinctness, in which he moved among a host of half-Christians and quarter-Christians. The present age seems to me much more an age of black and white, without shadows. Mysticism—even the particular Christian mysticism studied by von Hügel—is not the issue of our time. We are able to quote with approval that remark of Bossuet of which Professor Babbitt has reminded us: "true mysticism is so rare and unessential and false mysticism is so common and dangerous that one cannot oppose it too firmly." We demand of religion some kind of *intellectual* satisfaction—both private and social—or we do not want it at all.



A DRAWING. BY CARL SPRINCHORN



## CANTO XXII

BY EZRA POUND

An' that man sweat blood to put through that railway,  
And what he ever got out of it?  
And he said one thing: "As it costs,  
As in any indian war it costs the government  
20,000 dollars per head  
To kill off the red warriors, it might be more humane  
And even cheaper, to educate."  
And there was the other type, Warenhauser,  
That beat him, and broke up his business,  
A Tale of the American Curia, that gave him,  
Warenhauser permission to build the Northwestern railway  
And to take the timber he cut in the process;  
So he cut a road through the forest,  
Two miles wide, an' perfectly legal.  
Who wuz agoin' to stop him!

And he came in and said: "Can't do it,  
Not at that price, we can't do it."  
That was in the last war, here in England,  
And he was making chunks for a turbine  
In some sort of an army plane;  
An' the inspector says: "How many rejects?"  
"What you mean, rejects?"  
And the inspector says: "How many do you get?"  
And Joe said: "We don't get *any* rejects, our . . ."  
And the inspector says: "Well then of course you can't do it."  
Price of life in the occident.  
And C.H. said to the renowned Mr Bukos:  
"What is the cause of the H.C.L.?" and Mr Bukos,  
The economist consulted of nations, said: "Lack of labour."  
And there were two millions of men out of work.  
And C.H. shut up, he said  
He would save his breath to cool his own porridge,

## CANTO XXII

But I didn't, and I went on plaguing Mr Bokos  
 Who said finally: "I am an orthodox  
 "Economist."

Jesu Christo!

Standu nel paradiso terrestre  
 Pensando come si fesse compagna d'Adamo!!

And Mr H.B. wrote in to the office:  
 I would like to accept C.H.'s book  
 But it would make my own seem so out of date.

Heaven will protect  
 The lay reader. The whole fortune of  
 MacNarpen and Company is founded  
 Upon Palgrave's Golden Treasury. Nel paradiso terrestre  
 And all the material was used up, Jesu Christo,  
 And everything in its place, and nothing left over  
 To make una compagna d'Adamo. Come si fesse?

E poi ha vishtu una volpe  
 And the tail of the volpe, the vixen,  
 Fine, spreading, and handsome, e pensava:  
 That will do for this business;  
 And la volpe saw in his eye what was coming, e  
 Corre, volpe corre, Christu corre, volpecorre,  
 Christucorre, e dav' un saltu, ed ha preso la coda  
 Della volpe, and the volpe wrenched loose  
 And left the tail in his hand, e di questu  
 Fu fatta,

e per questu  
 E la donna una furia,  
 Una fuRRia-e-una rabbia.

And a voice behind me in the street:  
 "Meestair Freer! Meestair . . ."  
 And I thought I was three thousand  
 Miles from the nearest connexion;  
 And he'd known me for three days, years before that,  
 And he said, one day a week later: Would you lak  
 To meet a wholly man, yais he is a veree wholley man.  
 So I met Mohamed Ben Abt el Hjameed,

And that evening he spent his whole time  
 Queering the shirt-seller's business,  
 And taking hot whiskey. The sailors  
 Come in there for two nights a week and fill up the café  
 And the rock scorpions cling to the edge  
 Until they can't jes' nacherly stand it  
 And then they go to the Calpe (Lyceo)

NO MEMBER OF THE MILITARY  
 OF WHATEVER RANK IS PER-  
 MITTED WITHIN THE WALLS OF  
 THIS CLUB

That fer the governor of Gibel Tara  
 "Jeen-jah! Jeen-jah!" squawked Mohamed,  
 "O-ah, geef heem sax-pence."  
 And a chap in a red fez came in, and grinned at Mohamed  
 Who spat across four metres of tables  
 At Mustafa. That was all there was  
 To that greeting; and three nights later  
 Ginger came back as a customer, and took it out of Mohamed.  
 He hadn't sold a damn shirt on the Tuesday.  
 And I met Yusuf and eight men in the calle,  
 So I sez: Wot is the matter,  
 And Yusuf said: Vairy foolish, it will  
 Be sefen an' seex for the summons;  
 Mohamed want to sue heem for libel.  
 To give all that to the court!

So I went off to Granada  
 And when I came back I saw Ginger, and I said:  
 What about it?

And he said: O-ah, I geef heem a  
 Seex-pence. Customs of the sha-ha-reef.  
 And they were all there in the lyceo,  
 Cab drivers, and chaps from tobacco shops,  
 And Edward the Seventh's guide, and they were all  
 For secession.

Dance halls being closed at two in the morning,  
By the governor's order. And another day on the pier  
Was a fat fellah from Rhode Island, a-sayin':  
"Bi Hek! I been all thru Italy

An' ain't never been stuck!"

"But this place is plumb full er scoundrels."  
And Yusuf said: Yais? an' the reech man  
In youah countree, haowa they get their money;  
They no go rob some poor pairsons?  
And the fat fellah shut up, and went off.  
And Yusuf said: Woat, he iss all thru Eetaly  
An' ee is nevair been stuck, ee ees a liar.  
W'en I goa to some forain's country  
I am stuck.

W'en yeou goa to some forains country  
You moss be stuck; w'en they come 'ere I steek thaim.  
And we went down to the synagogue,  
All full of silver lamps  
And the top gallery stacked with old benches;  
And in came the levite and six little choir kids  
And began yowling the ritual  
As if it was crammed full of jokes,  
And they went through a whole book of it;  
And in came the elders and the scribes  
About five or six and the rabbi  
And he sat down, and grinned, and pulled out his snuff-box,  
And sniffed up a thumb-full, and grinned,  
And called over a kid from the choir, and whispered,  
And nodded toward one old buffer,  
And the kid took him the snuff-box, and he grinned,  
And bowed his head, and sniffed up a thumb-full,  
And the kid took the box back to the rabbi,  
And he grinned, e faceva bisbiglio,  
And the kid toted off the box to another old bunch of whiskers,  
And he sniffed up his thumb-full,  
And so on till they'd each had his sniff;  
And then the rabbi looked at the stranger, and they  
All grinned half a yard wider, and the rabbi  
Whispered for about two minutes longer,

An' the kid brought the box over to me,  
And I grinned and sniffed up my thumb-full.  
And then they got out the scrolls of the law  
And had their little procession  
And kissed the ends of the markers.  
And there was a case on for rape and blackmail  
Down at the court-house, behind the big patio full of wistaria;  
An' the nigger in the red fez, Mustafa, on the boat later  
An' I said to him: Yusuf, Yusuf's a damn good feller.  
And he says:

"Yais, he ees a goot fello,  
"But after all a chew  
                                  ees a chew."

And the judge says: That veil is too long.  
And the girl takes off the veil  
That she has stuck onto her hat with a pin,  
"Not a veil," she says, "'at's a scarf."  
And the judge says:

Don't you know you aren't allowed all those buttons?  
And she says: Those ain't buttons, them's bobbles.  
Can't you see there ain't any button-holes?  
And the Judge says: Well, anyway, you're not allowed ermine.  
"Ermine?" the girl says, "Not ermine, that ain't,  
"At's lattitzo."  
And the judge says: And just what is a lattitzo?  
And the girl says:

"It'z a animal."

Signori, *you* go and enforce it.

## APPARITION IN EARLY AUTUMN

BY ROBERT HILLYER

MARCEL walked slowly homeward, driving his geese before him. The great beech-trees which lined the way like the aisle of a forest, were already beginning to turn gold. He enjoyed loitering through the September dusk. The smell of wood-smoke was pleasant and the slight chill made his clothes, which all summer had clung to him damply, seem very comfortable. And some time, he thought, a miracle might befall him. Was it not always to young people that the Blessed Virgin Mary had appeared, and the saints who in grottoes or glades of the forest suddenly gladden the eyes of the believer? What better place than this lonely road, what better lad than he, to entertain a shining visitant?

The geese were restive this evening. It was always so in early autumn when their kin were flying south. A call from the high air set them craning their necks upward, honking, and beating their wings. And how they would hiss at him when he waved his arms and mimicked their strain toward the sky! He must clip them to-morrow; the big gander had flown over the barn; he would be off for the south if he had the smallest chance. Marcel was always clipping them to-morrow. It was amazing how time on its casters of dream rolled so quickly and silently away. When had the green ebbed out of the beeches? When had the leaves turned yellow? Already they held the pale light of sunset after the first star had risen. Soon they would be flakes of silver, hissing drily in the winter wind. Yet he had never caught them at their change. It seemed to him that everything was done behind his back, and of a sudden the season had changed, or people were saying to him, "You are quite a man now." Indeed time slips away, but even so one has to wait a long while for a miracle.

Marcel lifted his eyes and watched the geese waddling along unhappily on their webbed feet. He looked beyond them, and under one of the beeches saw a glimmering form taking shape.

There was no footfall among the leaves on the ground; the figure had not been there a moment ago. The more he looked at it the clearer it became, and, so it seemed to him, taller and slenderer. His heart pounded. He stopped in his tracks. Certainly this was his miracle—but immediately he wished it had not come so soon. He was not prepared for it; he was afraid. Was it an angel? Was it a saint? Suppose it should be the Blessed Virgin herself and he should not recognize her? In all his day-dreams of the miracle, that possibility had never occurred to him. Yet he should have foreseen it, for something quite as embarrassing had already happened to him. Once a man in dirty corduroy had stopped him in the road and asked directions, and Marcel, because of the man's poor clothes, had talked to him quite naturally. Then in a minute his mother had run out, curtsying and puffing, and bleating, "Yes, Sir! If you please, Sir. Oh I'm glad to be of service, Sir." All the time the shabby traveller had been the rich man from the big house on the hill. Now Marcel was hoping that his apparition would not be the Blessed Virgin. And perhaps life without miracles was really preferable. There would be fewer chances of making some frightful mistake.

Then suddenly the figure came toward him, and if it wasn't only Mary, the cobbler's daughter, in a clean linen frock and a chain of coral beads.

"What's the matter, Marcel? Did you think I was a ghost?" She came up to him and looked at him very hard out of her dark eyes. Even plain Mary, whom he had known all his life, looked strange this evening. Marcel, without answering, decided with some disappointment that a miracle would have been better after all. He had an obscure feeling that he had spoiled his chances of seeing a miracle by being afraid.

Mary put her hand on his shoulder. "What is it, Marcel?" she said in a strained, breathless voice, as if she were planting her words between heart-beats. "Did I scare you? did you think I was a ghost?" The arm on his shoulder tightened as if she were going to hug him. "I wouldn't frighten little Marcel. . . . No, but big Marcel! He's almost a man, now."

Marcel drew away a little and shuffled his feet uneasily in the dust.

"I thought you were an angel," he said.

The words sounded so foolish he hardly dared look at her for fear she would be laughing at him. Instead, she flung her arm off his shoulder, clenched her fists, and regarded him angrily.

"An angel! an angel!" Her voice was fierce and bitter. "Are angels all you're looking for at your age! You, almost a grown man now, looking for angels! I'd be ashamed of myself! Almost a grown man and looking for angels!" She laughed abruptly. "Any one might as well be an angel in this village, the nearest thing to a man being yourself. O my God!"

"I must drive my geese along," Marcel answered primly, and rather puzzled.

He started after the white procession, making a clucking sound to gather in the stragglers.

"Marcel!" Mary had seized his arm now, and swung him round in her vehemence. "Marcel!"

He noticed how pale she was and how her hair clung in damp ringlets over her eyes. She looked so silly. But he felt too ill at ease to laugh at her. Besides, he was almost afraid that she would hit him.

"What is it?" he asked sullenly.

Then she leaned over him, sighing, and kissed him on the mouth. She took him in both her arms, pulled him toward her; but he took no step forward, and, losing their balance, they reeled apart, half falling against a tree. She laughed queerly. "Don't you like being kissed, Marcel? Don't you like me? Are you afraid of me?" She grabbed at him and he ducked.

This was better. It was only one of Mary's foolish tricks after all. She was always inventing some new game, and you never could tell when she was just in fun.

"Ho! scared of you! I think not."

Marcel lunged at her in his turn, made as if to kiss her, then with a great laugh smacked his lips together.

"Well, well; it's time to be going along now. I have my geese to look after, you know."

The joke had been fairly capped and there was no need of prolonging it. Anyway, Mary's pranks were never very amusing except to herself. Calling "Good-night" over his shoulder, he went on.

As he turned into his own lane, he was shocked to hear Mary shouting after him. He knew she was only pretending, but suppose someone should hear? Her language was horrid and any one would think to hear her that she was really in a temper.

"Be careful of your geese, little swine. Don't let the angels frighten you! Don't run off with the little boy, goosie gander! Little swine, little angel . . ."

Of course Marcel knew that she was laughing at her own silly joke, but anyone hearing her would think that she were sobbing and that he had been bullying her. She was a fool! He was quite angry with her now, and very lonely.

The geese hurried before him toward the sedges which grew along the little stream. They were home now, he and his geese, and he did not care how chill the autumn night became. They were all home, so safe, so comfortable. He remembered his thought of miracles with distaste.

Far aloft from an unseen flier, fell a soft honking, a call to the south. The big gander stopped, rose up on his webbed feet. He gurgled strangely as if the sound travelled up and down his long neck. He flapped his wings furiously; he was up in the air. He was off! One by one, like white petals fluttering upward on a breeze, the rest of the geese, timidously at first but with each beat of their wings more confidently, followed him into the high night on their way to the south. In a moment they had disappeared. Marcel, watching them, made no effort to stay their flight. He watched them and thought that all this must be a dream.

## DUBLIN ROADS

BY PADRAIC COLUM

When you were a lad that lacked a trade,  
Oh, many's the thing you'd see on the way  
From Kill-o'-the-Grange to Ballybrack,  
And from Cabinteely down into Bray,  
When you walked these roads the whole of a day.

High walls there would be to the left and right,  
With ivies growing across the top,  
And a briary ditch on the other side,  
And a place where a quiet goat might crop,  
And a wayside bench where a man could stop.

A hen that had found a thing in her sleep,  
One would think, the way she went craw-craw-cree,  
You would hear as you sat on the bench was there,  
And a cock that thought he crew mightily,  
And all the stir of the world would be

A cart that went creaking along the road,  
And another cart that kept coming a-near;  
A man breaking stones; for bits of the day  
One stroke and another would come to you clear,  
And then no more from that stone-breaker.

With head bent to the stone, or lifted up  
To watch the sky, he sat there alone,  
A cobbler that didn't mend, but broke;  
The dazzales would come from his heap of stone,  
When, after the rain, the sun it shone.

And you'd leave him there, the stone-breaker,  
And you'd wonder who came to see what was done  
By him in a day, or a month, or a week:  
He broke a stone and another one,  
And you left him there, and you travelled on.

A quiet road! You would get to know  
The briars and stones along by the way;

A dozen times you'd see last year's nest;  
A peacock's cry, a pigeon astray  
Would be marks enough to put on a day;

Or the basket-carriers you would meet:  
A man and a woman—they were a pair!  
The woman going beside his heel;  
A straight-walking man with a streak of him bare,  
And eyes that could give you a crafty stare.

Coming down from the hills they'd have ferns to sell,  
Going up from the strand, they'd have cockles in stock;  
Sand in their baskets from the sea,  
Or clay that was stripped from a hillside rock—  
A pair that had often stood in the dock!

Or a man that played on a tin-whistle:  
He looked as he'd taken a scarecrow's rig;  
Playing and playing as though his mind  
Could do nothing else but go to a jig,  
And no one around him, little or big.

And you'd meet no man else until you came  
Where you could look down upon the sedge,  
And watch the Dargle water flow,  
And men smoke pipes on the bridge's ledge,  
While a robin sang by the haws in a hedge.

Or no bird sang, and the bird-catchers  
Would have talk enough for a battle gained,  
When they came from the field and stood by the bridge,  
Taking shelter beside it while it rained,  
While the bird new-caught huddled and strained.

Then men would come by with a rick of hay  
Piled on a cart; with them you would be  
Walking beside the piled-up load:  
It would seem as it left the horses free,  
They would go with such stride and so heartily.

And so you'd go back along the road.

## NEW POEMS BY PADRAIC COLUM

BY JOHN EGLINTON

COMMEND me to Mr Colum among the Irish poets! He has the eye for externals, which do not with him lose their outline in a crepuscular reverie, blending a ghoulish dream-world with the archetypal actualities of nature, until we know not whether we be looking at moods or mountains! His is the mind, not of the mythologist, but of the folk-lorist; and if we were disposed to look for an explanation of this we might find it, I think, in his Catholic piety. His faith I am far from sharing; but I can recognize that it has kept his mind open to the actualities of life and nature in Ireland, an objectivity which has not been characteristic of Ireland's Protestant poets, with Mr Yeats at their head: for it is the Protestants who have filled Irish literature with an ambiguous twilight, peopled with phantom divinities and shadowy beings, which every Catholic knows perfectly well were driven once for all from the green fields of Erin before the uplifted crozier of St Patrick. Irish Catholicism has in fact always looked askance at the wonder world of Celtic mythology. In the early days of the Irish Literary Movement the evocation of the Gael's pre-Christian past had almost amounted to a threat to the organized religion of the country; the situation was saved, however, by the firm religiosity of the Catholic population, much as in Russia the anti-capitalistic Revolution was stayed by the self-interested conservatism of the peasant.

I can see this connexion then between the two very dissimilar books of verse considered here<sup>1</sup>: that Mr Colum's fixed Roman faith has left his vision clear for the things of life and nature. But being "rather Ingersollian myself"—to borrow a phrase from one of R. L. Stevenson's characters—it can hardly be expected of me that I should enter into the mood of verse which is not merely religious but devotional. Generally speaking, indeed, I have to

<sup>1</sup> *The Way of the Cross. The Stations of the Cross.* By Alfeo Faggi. Poems. By Padraic Colum. 16mo. 36 pages. Ralph Fletcher Seymour. \$1.

*Creatures.* By Padraic Colum. With Drawings by Boris Artzybasheff. 8vo. 58 pages. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

confess to an imperfect feeling for what is called "religious poetry"; nor can I feel that the kneeling attitude is an attitude natural to the poet, who must stand on his feet,

"An equal amongst mightiest energies,"

even when he is minded to chant a hymn to his Maker. It was an attitude to which, in that pause of history between the ancient and the modern world, the spirit of man consented; but I think that for any hymn equal to the heart-moving rhythms of the Early Christian Church we must now look to men whose knees have forgotten how to kneel, to the Protestants and devout agnostics of world-literature.

In the other volume, *Creatures*, Mr Colum has had the idea of bringing together those of his poems which relate to the life of animals, including some poems which are new to me. The animals are not for the most part those which from time to time, in our daily walks at home, we gaze on contemplatively, but creatures of which the traveller brings home tales, macaws, monkeys, the bison, the humming-bird, the bird of Paradise; though when he meets with crows, plover, asses, a fox, he seems glad to have fallen in with compatriots.

The mind that would enter into the life of animals must be an innocent mind; it must be at a pause of all the egoistic impulses that urge the human mind in search of its sustenance and of the satisfaction of its desires; it must achieve moments in which, itself like an animal, it lies fixed in effortless contemplation; a stony calm transmutable into a measureless alertness; a protoplasmic transparency generative of wings! The love of animals has not been enjoined by ethical teachers, springing as it does from affinities within us, original like sin; yet if I should hear of a man that he was pre-eminently concerned with the weal of his neighbours, I would not have the same expectations of him as I should have were I told, for example, that he was fond of tigers. Such a man could not fail to be endowed by nature with some real and lucid disinterestedness of soul. There must be recesses of wistful sympathy in such a man which would make him worth winning for a friend. The two sentiments which enter into our feeling for animals, admiration and pity—admiration for the ruthless efficiency exhibited by them within their limitations, and pity for their imprisonment within these limitations—are also perhaps the specifically human instincts, and in the exercise of them we

are least likely to forget that we are animals ourselves: animals who have lost contact with nature, saving so far as we can recapture lost affinities through the exercise of a comprehensive, all-atoning human faculty which we name Imagination.

Mr Colum then is admirable both as a poet and as a human being when he catches sight of a young fox led on leash along the street, and

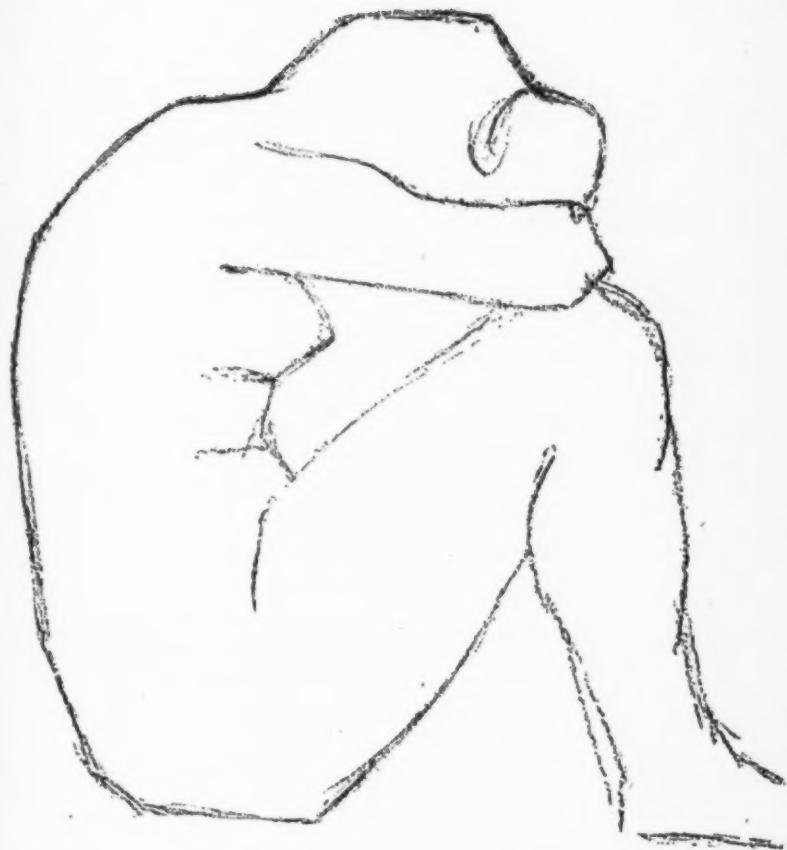
"fain would cover up  
 His bowels of dread, and find some way to bring  
 The rainy hills around him, the soft grass,  
 Darkness of ragged hedges, and his earth—  
 The black, damp earth under the roots of trees!"

or when, on his way perhaps to discharge some social obligation, he would become an otter,

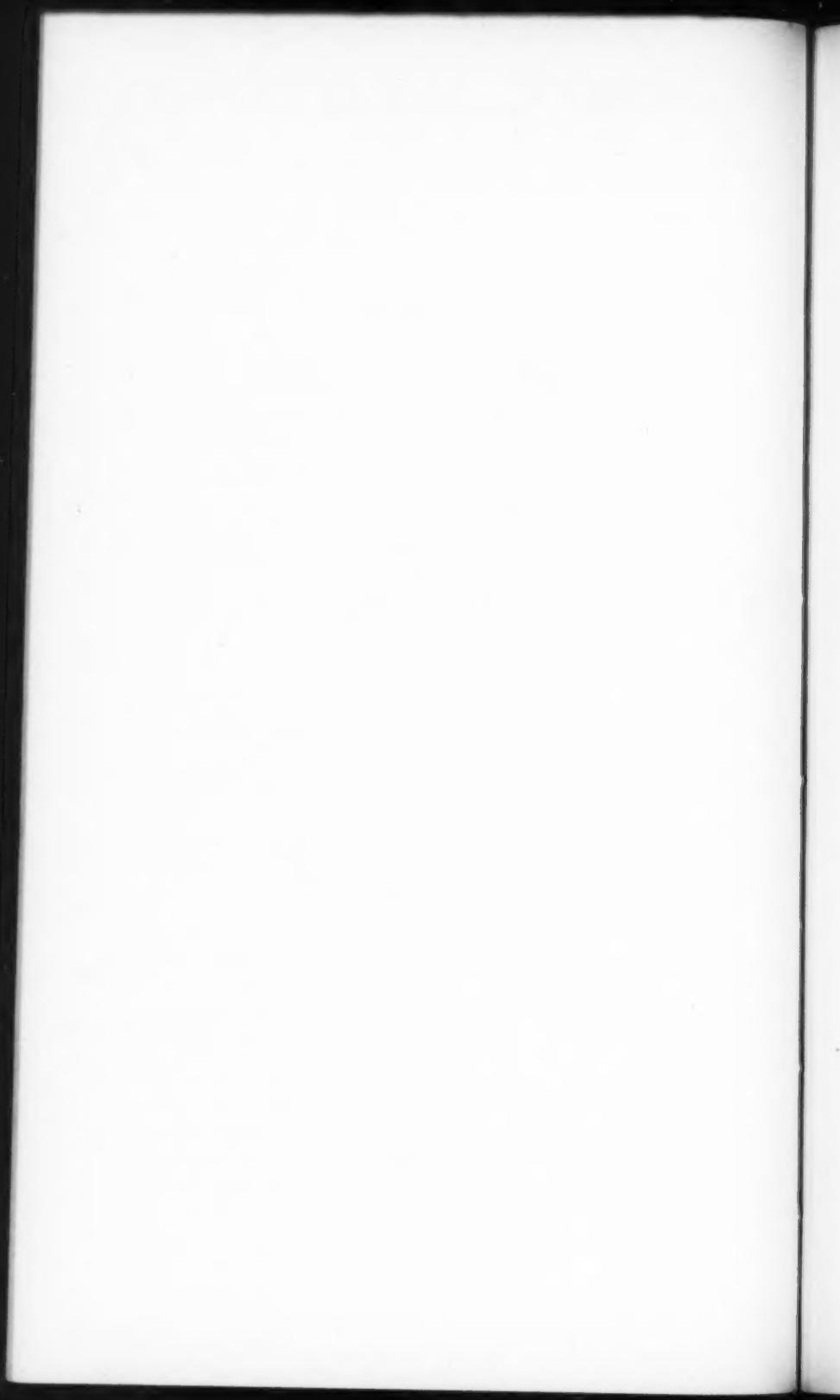
"A mate beside me; we will venture down  
 A deep, full river when the sky above  
 Is shut of the sun; spoilers are we;  
 Thick-coated; no dog's tooth can bite at our veins:—  
 With ears and eyes of poachers; deep-earthed ones  
 Turned hunters: let him slip past,  
 The little vole, my teeth are on an edge  
 For the King-fish of the river!  
 I hold him up—  
 The glittering salmon that smells of the sea!"

These poems lend themselves to quotation, however, and I must restrain myself. But before parting with Mr Colum I should like to remark upon the steady progress which he makes in the art of verse; and I hope he will refrain from collecting all his poetic work until he has carried still farther his new power of imparting a fulness of thought and imagination to his language and rhythm.

He is not, I think, much helped by his illustrator in this volume. Decorative art can hardly be intimate, and it is intimacy we require in that art which would interpret or illuminate for us the life of animals: vignettes deep-sunk in the page like those of Bewick, for example. But even as decoration the too blatant black and white of these designs is not, to my mind, happily married to the text.



A DRAWING. BY ARISTIDE MAILLOL



## THREE POEMS

BY LEON SRABIAN HERALD

### HE CAME; HE WENT

A drunkard came out on our street,  
from no saloon; a man gets drunk  
on many things—  
a meadow with the green high on it,  
powerful with the season's songs  
and season's odours—far reaching,  
as if telling fitful trees  
they must not swing too far.  
He came and cared not how.

He must have come from unknown depths;  
parts of his garments had been left behind;  
his hat was in his hand  
and though not made of rubber,  
yet went up and down. As if for luck maybe  
it fell into the muck.  
Whether he stooped to get his hat  
or arched his bosom to the wind,  
each time his words improved;  
his voice was strong and clear:  
I will soon have my bowl and spoon,  
and a clean paper napkin,  
and for a kin, a kin,  
somebody, oh somebody; I know what I mean.  
He went and cared not how.

### MEMORABILIA

When this city is subdued  
at midnight  
and I think, hear, ask—

## THREE POEMS

the bells of my Sahara,  
 my desert-mother camel-bells  
 call me to call out my gazelle.  
 Is that my caravan of camels,  
 on my luminous desert,  
 going round and round  
 from sandhill to sandpit,  
 burdened with rare gifts  
 of broadcloth, jewels, rugs,  
 for the Khedeev, Wezzer Basha,  
 and my Uncle Gabriel?  
 Where then are Abdo and Ahmed,  
 to say to me, "Ya Saheeb!"

Ahmed and Abdo are clock-hands;  
 the camels, numbers; and  
 my desert is a clock-tower.  
 My New-York-scared voice  
 hides in me  
 like a wounded lion by a bush.

Night after night  
 I leap from sleep, from bed, from door,  
 to listen to my camel-bells;  
 it is the clock in the clock-tower instead,  
 its gong deceiving me,  
 and my gazelle  
 is in my throat.

## PHRYNE

I was living with a friend  
 who was a friend until the need for friendship came.  
 I as a tree his first leaf—signal from beyond,  
 first sign of growth—invited you.  
 You told me that I was the tree  
 you could be nourished on.  
 The autumn-ready-to-fall-leaves remarked, pleased,  
 "Here is a new one of us!"

As swift blood blinds the sword,  
the mansion drowned your eyes.  
You spilt yourself as blood runs toward the hand  
that holds the sword.  
A sword should be kept shiny for supreme occasions.

Correct in argument, he took what came to him—  
an architect—to wreck homes—to build houses.  
The rare small tongues of Abelard in me were silenced,  
convinced completely that a poor man may not love,  
that he who cannot bestow riches cannot love,  
as if to say the oak-leaf grows on thistles,  
and he was right; my leaf for an example.

Guests came; I served them dishes.  
The evening was sincere and sensitive;  
I saw it with my consciousness, my heart a warning finger.  
You lingered.  
Seeming to depart, you stayed, excusing it,  
and I could not rejoice.  
Dividing night from morning, others left.  
Our host was at the door.  
Your scarf around my neck was strong and slippery—  
a gallows' rope.  
My heart, a warning finger, tapped my ribs,  
as trampling on the inexperienced morning,  
he gallantly sat close to you and said you would not kiss him.  
I spoke your thought;  
"She may," I answered, "if she wishes."  
Then, my own fireman, I ran out  
to halt the moon—to put the fire out;  
but it was itself a flame; the moon was burning.

A maiden-mrs, you returned to your town residence,  
assuring your companions that I had received you well,  
had entertained you.

Spring is here.  
My voice—a cool tree-shade—is back.  
I laugh at a cold wind that ran away with a dead leaf.

## DRAGON SEED

BY STEWART MITCHELL

**A**BOUT the middle of the last century bright-eyed Theodor Mommsen, having looked about the earth in vain to find some modern capitalistic state which could compare in social and economic abomination with the Italy of Julius Caesar, prophesied, in part, as follows: "and not until the dragon-seed of North America ripens, will the world again have similar fruits to reap." At the time he wrote, the United States, according to Mr and Mrs Beard, were passing from the agricultural to the industrial era by means of their second revolution of the Civil War. As the European system spreads out into America, the United States, it seems not improbable, will send its men and its methods to the ends of the earth. One needs a taste for the pleasures of Satan to imagine Mr Mommsen's satisfaction.

The epic of the United States—historically, the subject is a splendid one, deserving of Gibbons, Grotes, and Greens. The very least that can be said of *The Rise of American Civilization*<sup>1</sup> is this: its authors are worthy of their work. The trained eye computing preparation by performance, can only glisten with admiration or envy. Tons of records have been sifted for these sixteen hundred pages. Here, within the limits of a Victorian novel, is a reasonably complete, humanly correct, critical history of the United States.

There are, to be sure, certain flaws to pick in these pyramids. In the decorations costume is occasionally anachronistic; now and then a statement of minor importance is arranged in such a way as to confuse; once and again (it has been objected) the English of these authors is not feckless, for they fall short of that high, hard excellence of style which is the kingdom of heaven for writers. These volumes lack all the visible apparatus of the schoolmen—foot-notes, bibliographies, and the rest: the layman will be re-

<sup>1</sup> *The Rise of American Civilization*. By Charles A. Beard and Mary Beard. Two volumes. 8vo. 1650 pages. The Macmillan Company. \$12.50.

lied; the amateur may be puzzled, but the historian will have to go elsewhere for his "sources." Lack of space would forbid this machinery, even if the nature of the work did not.

The more serious objections are sententious and unsound. Scorn-  
ing an author's standard of aesthetic values is sad business, for the  
world should take notice of the fact that art is an anarchy in  
which everybody can have everything he wants without taking  
anything from anybody. When every artist has his circle of  
admirers, no one can expect more, so that the reader or critic who  
frets at judgements which seem fanciful, or even foolish, has only  
to ask: what talent passes for current coin? Life may be unlucky,  
but the world of letters is neither kingdom nor republic; it is just  
barely conceivable that in some remote age the comparative ex-  
cellence of James and Crawford, for instance, will be a matter  
of superb unimportance. The unpopularity of history is peculiar  
in that most people nibble enough at hope to spell out life in the  
language of the present. Artists need not worry.

The continuous crowding of the narrative is the chief visible  
difficulty of the historian; the structure of sentences is liable to  
snap under the strain. Even Gibbon and Prescott have been called  
monotonous, precisely for the reason that they dared not let down:  
the story must go on and, first of all, it must be clear and interest-  
ing. The inverted sentence is not always a success as variation;  
the staccato style of the essay will stretch only so far. The pains  
and penalties of fiction may be heavy indeed, but any novelist  
knows enough to go in for landscape and talk when he can. The  
smallpox of newspaper prose has not touched the Beards alone,  
but they were exposed to contagion.

Accusations of radicalism and sedition need only to be men-  
tioned: any attempt to answer them would mean nothing less  
than a debate of the grand question of people and property. Wise  
men will escape such conflicts for fear of being worked up into  
wildness. Writing of war and money, Mr Beard uses the dis-  
cretion of diplomacy and lets us read between lines as tactful and  
effective as the famous fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of Gibbon  
on the Christians, and with as good a reason, seeing that nations  
and wealth are the superstition of our worship. No modern scholar  
can dispense with this art of implication: being unpleasant but  
not plainly.

For most Americans the history of this country seems as far off and unlikely as the annals of Lilliput, and rather less amusing. For them the past lacks all perspective: Yorktown is as far away as Marathon; dead men are all alike. In spite of Prescott, Parkman, and Channing, in spite of Henry Adams, American history is a tale that is too often spoiled in the telling, and teaching. The lamented absence of the "belted knight and moated grange" John Fiske made fun of years ago, but more serious complaints can be sustained with good sense. History was formerly a kind of drama of persons; nowadays causes, forces, cults crowd the attention, or at best, men and women of wood are dangled down to dance before us while persons of importance pull strings, and keep out of sight.

But this change from the history of people to the history of things is more apparent than actual: men love mystery and have always thought in mobs. Someone has said that no man really great reminds us of another, but just as every actor hopes to play Hamlet, every politician must take his turn at being Lincoln. Only to consider this legend is to laugh at the accusation of "impersonal history." The decline of monarchy has brought an aesthetic difference, for the disappearance of dynasties and public families will tend to obscure the amazing lottery of luck and heredity. Politics and business offer compensations, for their disregard of the proprieties of persons is theatrical, and exciting. Each has contributed richly to the characters of American life, the more so as war and religion have lost their adventure and swagger.

Patriots and pedants between them have made a sad hash of our history, and the common garden variety of citizen who can't tell where his next car is coming from, drops the text-books as soon as he can and never looks at a thesis. Like the Greeks of Constantinople he would shudder at the very titles of the huge histories of his country and run away from the thought of reading them. To this the humanist objects that the oldest danger to learning has been this constant temptation to make public property private, to turn culture into the priesthood of the professions. Yet great history has always made good reading, for it reconciles facts with the fiction of arrangement and selection. To call Mr Beard's history popular is to challenge the attention of the whole intelligent public.

The task was such as would test the tact and strength of any living scholar. Of these Mr Beard is one of the greatest. Years of lecturing promoted, or merely completed, the art of making things clear; long acquaintance with "sources" trained him to appreciate these at their respective values. The sprouting historian's delight in documents can make him dangerous and dull: old diaries are often as poisoned with prejudice as the worst of current opinion. Worship of Greville is a case in point—"source" is a word too often put to ridiculous uses. Mr Beard is old enough in experience not to be the fool of figures and papers.

Those who had worked with him and consequently liked him, as well as those who knew something of his earlier writings—as, for instance, *The Economic Origins of Jeffersonian Democracy*—had good reasons for expecting great things of this history. The scope of it was dangerous, but not a shadow of disappointment lies on the performance. Ever since his voluntary retirement, while still a young man, from Columbia during the German War—a story at once absurd and sad—Mr Beard has turned his leisure into the professional pleasure of making these two volumes. Feminists will, perhaps, find satisfaction in the assurance that, as rumour runs, Mrs Beard took charge of the aesthetics of this work.

The arrangement of the material is novel in that the authors treat the Civil War as The Second Revolution and make it the dividing line, not so much between Union and Secession, as between the two great eras of our history, the Agricultural and the Industrial. By 1865 not merely had a nation replaced a federation, but a country of farms began rapidly to change into a country of cities. In opposing the planter plutocracy, the North had fought the South with the left hand and built up the West with the right, the quieter cause being the more significant in the lives of the people. This "rich man's war and poor man's fight" was the golden opportunity for the North, not only in the West; the conquered states came back into a new nation of high tariffs and tall factories. The second chapter is well on its way, but the reader feels he is scarcely past the beginning. As an approach to America these books cannot be improved on, at least for the present; the student can only wonder how widely and well they will be read. Within the last quarter of a century the two co-operative series of Mr Hart and Mr Johnson have been planned and completed,

but the look of one and the cost of the other have kept laymen at a distance. In the case of *The Rise of American Civilization* one likes to imagine the triumph of Gibbon acted over again, with ladies taking history to bed every night.

Mr Beard is philosophical, probably more humble in his hopes, having been already so ambitious as to try to inoculate Americans with a knowledge of their nation. The story is crowded with amusing and even amazing people—saints, dictators, play-boys—and the end is not yet. Lest we entertain angels unawares, we should do well to look about now and take our measure in the mirror Mr Beard has called “*The Gilded Age*.” There is the image of our times, all of it from Plymouth Rock to the Yale Bowl, that has gone to make us a people whose power alone would have been the delight of the lunatic energy of Caesars.

## BEFORE THE FIRE

BY THEODORE MAYNARD

I have grown weary of my wanderings.  
Perhaps it is the burning out of youth:  
I do not know; I know I tell the truth  
That I am weary. I would like to sit  
Whole days before the fire and dream, while swings  
A wet wind at the windows, with my memory lit  
By Asiatic skies and parrots' wings  
Of emerald, jade, and amber. But I would not go  
To see them any more. No Northern fir,  
No California pines and oranges,  
No olive grove by Mediterranean seas  
Shall move me. For I have no wish to stir.



Adolf Dehn 1925.

NEGRESS. BY ADOLF DEHN



## SETCHKO

BY STOYAN CHRISTOWE

HIS name was Yovan but they called him Setchko in the village—after the month of February which was thus nicknamed. Only those that had attended the *gymnasia* in the city, and they were few, called the second month of the year *February*. The rest called it Setchko. And this it deserved to be called, for it brought cutting winds and drifts of snow and brittle cold that quelled the entire life of the village. All kept indoors in Setchko. No one went to the cities, to market. The flocks of sheep and goats bleated all day in the corrals at the outskirts of the village, feeding on dried oak-leaves, and leafless, fresh-cut, tender twigs of poplar and willow. No wedding festivities were planned for this month. Who would want to get married in Setchko? In it, mothers feared to bear children lest they turn out fierce, rigid, cold, and sullen like the month itself. Still worse, they might be called Setchkos.

Like his name-month, Yovan too was known only as Setchko. Some distant relatives and a few persons of his own age knew his given name, but they all called him Setchko.

He rarely spoke to any one, and was seldom seen except at funerals, weddings, and services for departed souls. These last, like funerals, he never missed. He lived alone. Mitra, the good-hearted, had died years ago, leaving him a childless widower. She had adopted a boy, an orphan, but when she had raised him to manhood, he went to America and forgot his foster parents. Often had she been seen giving handfuls of walnuts to the children in exchange for promises from them not to call her husband Setchko.

Setchko loved the soil and worked in the field till late afternoon. But if there was to be a funeral—of babe or centenarian—even though the earth cried out to be ploughed and the soft mould crumbled like cake at the approach of the ploughshare, Setchko unyoked his team of a white ox and a grey donkey, planted his long

goad in the earth near his wooden plough, and started on the road to the village.

The peasants suspected Setchko of going to funerals not so much for any spiritual or religious reason as for the brandy, red wine, and roast meat, which were to be had for nothing. And since he rarely missed weddings and the plenty to eat and drink that was a part of them, the belief was not unfounded. For a village wedding no invitations are sent. It is taken for granted that everyone will consider oneself invited.

Why didn't Setchko ever say anything? Occasionally he would nod his head; sometimes he opened the greyish eyes which were hidden behind his bushy eyebrows, but instantly resumed his customary attitude of silence and humility.

When the children saw him returning from the mountain, driving his donkey packed with kindling-wood, or from the meadows with a shut scythe balanced like a rifle on his stooped shoulder, they sang, "Setchko setchi; Mart vletchi; April deri!" He would goad the donkey and move his lips but make no sound. If he spoke, no one knew what he was saying. Unable once to contain himself, he growled at the barking children and swore at their mothers for having brought them into the world. This encouraged them and they followed him with, "Setchko, Setchko!" Like a big bear he paced after the donkey, not even turning to look at the abusive children. Silence, however, and that single eruption of anger did not reveal Yovan to the villagers. The soil which he tilled, the ox who helped him till it, and the donkey, his only companion, knew him. Why then did they call him Setchko? Because of what he was? Or had the name itself made him that? Who gave him that dark epithet?

One day of the long laborious village year was of even greater importance to Setchko than Christmas or Easter. This was the festival of *Pentekoste*, which came in the early summer, seven weeks after Easter. It was the annual festal day for the dead. But it was the living and not the dead who did the feasting.

No soul was forgotten. Those had to be remembered even whose bones had been dug from graves, washed at the river, and dumped on the bone pile at the back of the church. On this occasion the women of the village had a chance to show their skill in cooking and baking. For days before *Pentekoste* the low chimneys of the houses vomited rivers of smoke—a sure sign in

the village of an approaching festival. Then on the eve of the day itself, before the sun had set, the village bell spilled holiday benediction upon the peasants and their little homes. In response to this call from the belfry, men, women, and children, singly and in bouquets, issued from doors, alleys, sheds, barns—streaming by many paths to the white church in the centre of the village green. But long before he had been summoned by the bell, Setchko was there waiting, silent as a sphinx, on the bench outside the church, at the end nearest the door.

The women came one by one, carrying under their arms broad baskets of tough whitened willow rattan. With beans, squash, walnuts, or other products of the soil, the gullible peasants had purchased these baskets from wandering gipsies who had plaited them and would not sell them for money when they could get twice and three times as much in what earth herself had given the peasants. The baskets—as broad sometimes as the arm could reach across—were filled with a cake made of boiled wheat mixed with crushed walnuts, with turnovers of cheese and eggs, with buns of pure wheat flour from the village mills, with boiled eggs and apples peeled and sliced, with fishes fried in olive oil brought all the way from Elbasan, with cheese of goat milk, with pancakes dipped in sherbet.

Inside the church a bearded priest, holding in one hand a silver cross and in the other hyssop drenched in holy water, pronounced over the ranged baskets—in monotonous undertone—his words of blessing. With hands dovetailed below their breasts, the women stood motionless, like costume-models in a museum. Outside on the benches, on the grass, as far even as the palings of the adjacent gardens, children, men—and women too old to carry baskets—waited with bandannas almost as large as bed-spreads laid hopefully before them. But the most strategic place, which could not be overlooked by any one coming out of the church, was occupied by Setchko who had had it year after year, coming hours before the bell sounded through the village in order to secure it.

As the baskets came by, one did not know what would drop into the bandanna on the lap. It might be the usual spoonful of boiled wheat; it might be a boiled egg or a wheat bun. But not unlikely, waiting would be rewarded with a generous slice of *mlechnik*—a sort of custard made of wheat flakes, cream, beaten eggs, and butter—a celestial confection. Only peasant women

with milk from their own goats, eggs from their own coops, and flour ground by the village mills, could make such delicacies. When a woman stopped in front of Setchko and began to look under wrappings, go into the corners, and rummage in the basket, Setchko's eyes brightened. Benign, invoking, ingratiating expressions flitted across the face from which a month's growth of beard had just been mowed. Some were certain to give him *puptche*. One such was sufficient for a meal; a dozen assured one food for a whole week. And of course there were those who would only give a spoonful of wheat, and maybe a fried fish or a piece of cheese. But Setchko said *Bog da prosti* to everyone, no matter what the donation. If someone who had buried a brother, cousin, or other relative of Setchko's own age, stopped before him, he looked at her with a simple, naïve expression, as if to persuade her that when eating the cake, he would be thinking of the very soul for whose sake it was given.

Some village jokers thought of a ruse one time by which to decoy Setchko from his advantageous position. They paid a few unprincipled youngsters a *grosh* apiece to make a pile of straw on Setchko's threshing lot and set fire to it just as the women commenced to come out of the church with their baskets. But the plan failed. The youngsters rushed to the church, yelling at the top of their voices that Setchko's barn was on fire; and smoke from the burning straw did rise above the barn. But Setchko did not stir. Some who had not been told about it were darting in excitement to the make-believe fire. Others who knew, shouted to Setchko to run and save his barn. Calm, indifferent, he sat never uttering a word, determined not to give up his place though his barn burned to the ground. The straw was quickly consumed; the smoke disappeared, and the air above the barn was as clear as ever. That year when Setchko went home, a bulging bandanna at either side, he had been given food enough to last him a fortnight.

It was the early part of July. The village was simmering with heat. The songs of young peasant girls were resonant above the threshing-floors. Whips came down whistling on the backs of the horses, mules, and donkeys that galloped around the threshing-posts, winding and unwinding the long ropes tied to their necks. Their metal hoofs cut the straw to pieces and the grain shot

from the thick-studded ears. This was not a time for loafing. Every breathing thing that could stand on feet was doing something. Even the dogs barked and leaped at the chickens that were pecking at wheat under the sheds. From every part of the village, from near the river, from the quarters by the cemetery, noise and life blended in a hymn of work.

Then in the midst of palpitant life, through the sun-steeped air, came an ominous sound. Dang . . . ng . . . ng . . . Dang . . . ng . . . ng . . . It was the slow, intermittent note of the famous bell brought all the way from Jerusalem—the costliest possession of the village, more expensive even than the church itself. At this significant pealing of the bell, which carried to the end of the valley and to the highest peak of the mountains, women stopped to cross themselves; and men who were ploughing, splitting logs, or mowing, crossed themselves and pulled off their *kalpaks*. These unmistakable tones of the bell meant that death had come to the village; and people ran to find out "whom God had taken to His bosom."

Were there not enough cold gloomy days in which death could do her work? Why must she come now, on this July day when everyone was promoting life—storing for the future! Anachronism! Dang . . . ng . . . ng . . . moaned the bell. "Setchko's dead! Setchko died!" the children screamed, running to overtake one another and be first to bring the news.

"Everybody's threshing!" "Who'll go?" "Dying at a time like this!" the peasants complained as they thrust their pitchforks in the straw. Death comes when least expected. But in Setchko's case she ought to have come when everyone could go to the funeral, others said. He had never missed a funeral. It seemed almost as if he had lived for the dead.

Early the next morning the peasants untied the sheaves and spread the wheat on the threshing lots, and before the sun had climbed above the hilltops, the village was again plunged in work. And again the bell commenced its dirge, announcing that someone had died and was not yet buried.

The grocer, the magistrate, a vacationing schoolmaster, and Uncle Lazar, the cobbler, were induced by the priest to dig Setchko's grave and make his coffin. Toward noon, with half a dozen aged women and a few relatives of the dead, these same men wound their way up the slope to the chapel in the centre

of the cemetery. Dang . . . ng . . . Dang . . . ng . . . The bell continued its moan—a little faster now. Dang! Dang! Dang! Three strokes in rapid succession. The dead had been laid in the grave. The bell ceased.

On Sunday the priest announced at service that Setchko had left his two meadows, his vineyard, his house, his tiny flock of sheep, the ox, the donkey, and all his other property to the church—asking the deacons to have at every *Pentekoste* a woman with a basket to “give for his soul”!

## THE AIR PLANT

BY HART CRANE

*Grand Cayman*

This tuft that thrives on saline nothingness,  
Inverted octopus with heavenward arms  
Thrust parching from a palm-bole hard by the cove—  
A bird almost—of almost bird alarms,

Is pulmonary to the wind that jars  
Its tentacles, horrific in their lurch.  
The lizard's throat, held bloated for a fly,  
Balloons but warily from this throbbing perch.

The needles and hacksaws of cactus bleed  
A milk of earth when stricken off the stalk;  
But this—defenceless, thornless, sheds no blood,  
Almost no shadow—but the air's thin talk.

Angelic Dynamo! Ventriloquist of the Blue!  
While beachward creeps the shark-swept Spanish Main  
By what conjunctions do the winds appoint  
Its apotheosis, at last—the hurricane!

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*Courtesy of the Galerie Joseph Billiet, Paris*

GEORGES DUHAMEL. BY HENRI LE FAUCONNIER



## PARIS LETTER

January, 1928

THIS year the Paris-Moscow excursion has attracted several champions of literature. After the Duhamel-Durtain partnership, we now have the team of Fabre-Luce and Beucler. The former, who are heavy-weights, and general favourites, have already begun to publish accounts of their trip. Those of M Duhamel appeared in the *Nouvelles Littéraires*. The author of the *Martyrs* is very understanding: he understands everything, understands too much in fact, for he ends in confusion. Justice is one thing and the exact point of view is another. At bottom, Russia has not won over M Duhamel, whatever he may say; but he owed it to his European Left-wing public not to admit as much—an inconvenience attendant on being both writer and politician. We must expect more of M Fabre-Luce, the young hope of French politics and of the French novel. M Fabre-Luce is a mixture of Disraeli, Harold Nicolson, Glenway Wescott, and Susanne Lenglen. He has an inexhaustible fund of pliancy, charm, and intelligence. His friend André Beucler, who accompanied him from Moscow to Tiflis, first took up literature two or three years ago. He is an exquisite poet, *flâneur*, a bit Slavic, the last idler after Léon-Paul Fargue. His *Belle de Banlieue* and his *Amour Automatique*, which were published simultaneously last spring, are two very short novels in which Beucler enlarges upon routine and commonplace by adding the unexpectedness of Gérard de Nerval and the graceful imaginativeness of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, all in the dreary setting of the suburban quarters of Paris. I cannot better describe his qualities than he himself has done in his answer to an *enquête* on the spirit of the newer French literature: "I am the friend of the fortuitous," he writes, "to the extent of employing out-of-the-way methods to produce it. What affects me most strongly is the instant. . . . My idleness, to which I am consistently loyal, takes charge of my discipline and of my preferences."

In direct contrast to such instinctiveness and fluidity, we may

observe the sound scholastic systematization of M Jean Prévost. The young author of the *Essai Sur l'Introspection* stands for severity of thinking, and refuses to accept with complacency the easy fruits of intuition, the excuses of the Freudian unconscious, and above all those flattering but futile introspective diversions which have appeared to many as inevitable. M Prévost's conclusion is as follows: "Our understanding must be contemplated in the external universe; unformed matter, within ourselves." Oh, unformed matter, dear to super-realists!

Six or seven years ago in their young review *Littérature*, the super-realists, then called *dadas*, laid claim to M Valéry as though he were a classic. (I even believe that M Valéry himself was responsible for the title of this review.) And now M Paul Valéry has entered the French Academy. It has been no secret that M Valéry felt far removed from Anatole France. He had confessed all to his friends last winter. "Just what can I say of France?" he had asked, and when they insisted "It is a splendid subject," Valéry responded: "It presents admirable problems." The tradition of the academy required that in his discourse he should refrain from mentioning the evils which necessarily suggested themselves. This discourse,<sup>1</sup> which is as perfect in design as any one might wish, can serve as the model of its kind. Contrary to what usually occurs in these official eulogies, M Valéry confined himself to statements of major import. It was even necessary to be quite *au courant* with the literature of the last thirty years in order to grasp his full significance. We are first given a picture of the literary school with the various ramifications which for convenience pass under the name of symbolism, and the heroes of which were Laforgue, Moréas, Gourmont at first, then Régnier, Verhaeren, Maeterlinck, Viéle-Griffin, and Stuart Merrill. In the rear-guard of this group were the André Gide of *Paludes* and finally Paul Valéry himself. A literary movement, says the orator, "more tormented with philosophy, more curious of science, more theoretical, and also possessed in greater degree of mystic passion, knowledge, and beauty, than any other recorded in the history of letters." That is true, and it would be necessary merely to replace the word "beauty" by "ugliness" in order to make this declaration acceptable to the young neo-symbolists of 1920 and thereafter.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Discourse in Praise of Anatole France, *THE DIAL*, November 1927.

Edouard Jaloux is correct in his distinction between Poe and Valéry. "Poe," as he has excellently put it, "like Shelley, Keats, or Coleridge, employs an apparatus of mingled metaphysics and emotion, whereas Valéry invents a more technical instrument, designed for reconstructing pure cerebral agitations, for measuring phenomena of the intelligence." "Whence M Valéry's horror," M Jaloux adds pleasantly, "of anything that resembles inspiration." Paul Valéry finally rendered publicly to Mallarmé the fervent homage of which all his work bears witness, but he refrains from pronouncing the name of Anatole France. He has celebrated him by antiphrasis, such as is in vogue at the Academy—this club, this last refuge of gentility. Speaking of the return to clarity and simplicity which, following the obscurities of symbolism, prepared the success of France, Valéry said, perhaps not ungratuitously: "The suffrage of the majority was won immediately by a style that could be savoured without too much thought. . . . There was in his books consummately the art of skimming over the most serious problems and ideas." And is it not the purest academic malice which prompts him to exclaim, "What could be more precious than that delightful illusion of clarity which inspires in us the feeling that we are growing richer without effort, are savouring pleasure gratuitously, are comprehending despite our inattention, are enjoying the spectacle without having paid to see it?" "Great men," Valéry concluded with infinite wit, "are twice mortal: first as men, and again as great men." In this severe judgement as in many other respects, Valéry has proved himself the precursor and the spokesman of youth. In the most deferent manner he has said everything of Anatole France that the left bank (which lies behind the Institute, from the N.R.F. to Montparnasse) has been thinking and saying of him for a long time, particularly since his death. For this reason much will be forgiven Valéry by that difficult and shadowy public, the foe of bruited success and big printings, which constitutes the more discerning number of his readers, and which did not look on with unalloyed delight when its idol accepted academic laurels.

After speaking of Valéry I should like to say a word of Jaloux, whom I quoted above and who, it is to be hoped, will also one day enter the Academy. One is always having occasion to quote Jaloux. He is the best informed and the most comprehensive of

our critics, and—with his superior knowledge of foreign literatures—is also the one who is most at home in them. His recent *Souvenirs Sur R. M. Rilke* is a masterpiece of emotion and intelligence. Jaloux is always equal to the great minds he studies. No one is less jealous than Jaloux. Denigration and flattery are both equally foreign to his nature: he is immune to prejudice, subscribes to no literary school or coterie, and is above politics. I know of no one who is more receptive to talent—and this is unquestionably due to the fact that he is a novelist of power and beauty, who has just given us in *Soleils Disparus* a strange, morbid work—terrible, and striking in verisimilitude.

New York is being visited this winter by my two countrymen, Maurice Ravel and André Maurois. I need not introduce to Americans the author of *Colonel Bramble* and *Shelley*, which have made him famous in the course of five or six years. Maurois could not but make a pleasing impression in this first visit to the United States—under the auspices of the *Alliance Française*. He has been as well received as his work, for the man is exceptionally charming, and is keen, tactful, and indulgent. Beneath the persuasive sweetness of his style there is a mind which is penetrative and clear, assisted by a great faculty for work. His biographies (the most recent one, *Disraeli*, which is running in *The Forum* and which I have mentioned previously, is the most synthetic and, to my mind, the most striking) contain, despite their appearance of easy and fluent vulgarization, an incredible density of material with characters sufficient for a hundred historical novels. Maurois knows English perfectly. He belongs to that class of men just beyond forty who have preserved a respect for their predecessors, a professional politeness, and a taste for life in society—qualities which seem absolutely wanting in the oncoming generation. Maurice Ravel, who is making a concert tour of the United States, is so distinguished a musician that I need not speak to you of his work, to which Mr Rosenfeld has many times done justice in *THE DIAL*. He is sure to prove both surprising and charming, because of his slender jockey's build, his eighteenth-century profile, and a good humour which goes hand in hand with the most reclusive manner of living. About an hour's ride from Paris, at Montfort-l'Amaury, Ravel has a little house suspended above the void, where I often visit him. This house is full of bright Empire or Louis-

Philippe furniture, a veritable doll's palace. There are pianos, but of porcelain, mechanical birds, and a sloping garden-patch which Ravel waters himself. I am confident of the success which the composer of the *Valse* and of *Ma Mère l'Oie* will meet with in America. The ablest French musician since Debussy, he is now the very best that Europe can offer America.

I do not know whether Herz is known in America—I hope that he may be—nor even whether he has been translated. He is a very original writer, master of a diction which is forceful, condensed, and faultless. If I were to yield to the mania for classification, I should say that he is related to the realists in subject and to the surrealists in form. Daudet or Courteline, speaking in the accents of Breton: the truth surrounded with poétry. His latest book, *Jeu de Paradis*, which is my favourite, studies with power and delicacy the unfolding of a troubled, complex, and dangerous femininity in the blank, clear mind of a little girl (or rather, in the minds of three little girls).

A book appeared this spring which immediately attracted the attention of the enlightened public. It is entitled *L'Esthétique des Proportions*,<sup>1</sup> and the author, M Matila Ghyka, is a Roumanian who writes French perfectly. The reader who is not disconcerted by a little mathematics will see gradually emerging, through the network of geometric figures, a superb and thorough system of aesthetics. M Ghyka's learning, fortified by lucid style and irreproachable judgement, leaves us with the conviction that all beauty necessarily obeys laws known since the most remote antiquity, definable in certain algebraic formulas, transmitted by an esoteric discipline, and unfortunately forgotten in Europe since the French Revolution, which broke the continuity of tradition. The artist, to-day, like the artisan, can only trust to his instincts unless, enlightened by the studies of Ghyka and his forerunners, art re-discovers these abandoned truths. "Beauty is fitness expressed," M Ghyka justly concludes.

PAUL MORAND

<sup>1</sup> *La Pensée Contemporaine: Collection Dirigée par M Lucien Fabre.* Première Section: *Esthétique. II: Esthétique des Proportions dans la Nature et dans les Arts.* Par Matila C. Ghyka. 12mo. 452 pages. Nouvelle Revue Française, Librairie Gallimard, Paris. 15 francs.

# BOOK REVIEWS

## ADEPT'S ALPHABET

THE A. B. C. OF AESTHETICS. By *Leo Stein.* 12mo.  
271 pages. Boni and Liveright. \$3.

IT is very easy to forget, in the abecedarian frenzy of our times, that alphabets and outlines are of two sorts—those that lead the innocent into some adept's learned maze, and those that convince the adept that he has mastered what he has gone through. One is a prospectus for such as have not yet started. The other is a review for such as have already arrived. Although the practice of mistaking the review for the prospectus is largely characteristic of the sciolist, the adept has his share in it. His pretenses are not, like the sciolist's, false, but his performance defeats his intentions; projecting a prospectus, he accomplishes a review.

Such, as I read him, is the case of *Leo Stein.* Beyond question adept in certain aspects of the pictorial arts, he has set himself the task of communicating the principles of all art to those who know nothing about any. There are, he declares, no other more authoritative books on aesthetics, nor are there any authorities, and "it is somewhat doubtful whether the subject exists." So far as he is concerned, the field of aesthetics is empty, the seat of authority free. He proposes to stake his claim in the field and to fill the seat. He proposes to put aesthetics "on the map." Putting aesthetics on the map means, correlative putting other aestheticians in their place. It means repudiating the value of the work of the experimentalists in the psychology of the arts, and denying the validity of the speculations of such men as Santayana or Lipps or Freud or Croce. It means that the denial is made dogmatically, without argument, without justification; in a series of *obiter dicta*, sometimes pointed as proverbs, often loose as reveries. It means disposing of criticism as "gossip," of philosophy as "pseudo-knowledge," of mysticism as "sentimentality taken seriously." It means inventing psychological entities, like his notion of a general "emotion"

to be distinguished from "feelings." And it means coincidentally setting up a philosophy of nature and knowledge and criticism and art in which the disciplines dethroned as the work of others are restored to dictatorship as the work of Stein. It means, moreover, doing these things with a manner so sibylline, an air so infallible, as to lose the writer the reader's good will, transforming the humble learner into the indignant antagonist.

Those who know Leo Stein and his work, will realize that these unfortunate effects are gratuitous. They are the hapless consequences of offering for beginners an A. B. C. of aesthetics that can be a communication only to adepts. Adepts will recognize how Mr Stein's deliverances can be inwardly justified. They will catch something of the sense of that long soliloquy which his communication terminates, of the years of rumination and reverie upon books and pictures, whose alchemy has so transformed the materials they worked upon, that the freshness of their pattern altogether dims to their author's feeling the perduration of their substance. They will recognize in Mr Stein a thinker of originality, at least in this: his utterances show that he has demolished the identity of his influences; he feels, and once or twice makes you feel, that he speaks out of himself only, the simplest of the simple, the clearest of the clear.

If, on the whole, his meaning seems obscure, it is precisely because his work is not through and through a communication but the last turn of a soliloquy, because you are asked to take his review of his own experiences and meditations as a prospectus for the unfolding of yours. Each of his terms is what the psychoanalysts call "over-determined"; many streams of meaning cross at it, and pass on. But all that stands out to you is the dictionary point of crossing. There is a rosicrucian *Hinterland* that doesn't come through. To make adequate communication, Mr Stein requires, not an A. B. C. but an autobiography, which I very much hope he will write.

Without the autobiographical implications, Mr Stein's general theory of art is standard and conventional enough. Although he no longer realizes the connexion, it assimilates in its metaphysical aspects to the philosophy of Croce, in its psychological ones, to the generalizations of Lipps. Croce is an idealist; to him all existence is self-expression; when the expression has the integrated unity of

a character it is art and is the subject-matter for aesthetics; when the expression has the analytical unity of a proposition it is science and is the subject-matter of logic; aesthetics and logic are the two ways of knowing by which the nature of an ever-changing and developing self is revealed to itself. *Mutando mutandis*, this summary might do as well for Stein, save that we cannot be certain whether that which aesthetics and science know is a creation or expression of a self, or something independently existing. In some places Mr Stein writes as if every single item of experience were a projection of the self; in others, as if the self were a function of knowing disparate and substantial items of experience. But always he writes as if the knowledge of them as aesthetic objects is a kind of Lippsian empathy, wherein self and object are somehow one, each living in the other's life. Aesthetic symbols are thus samples of the things they symbolize; while scientific symbols are only substitutes for the things they symbolize. One is the living though abstracted projection of life, integrally, unalterably one; the other is the inert declaration of judgement, connecting discrete abstractions by inferential relations. One is all "discovery" or "creation," the other is all implication. The antithesis for Stein, as for Croce, is absolute. Whether it is correct or not, is another question. I do not think it is, and I know many scientists whose experience of their respective disciplines repudiates it utterly. This is, however, another story, for which space is lacking.

It is a relief to turn from the philosophical generalizations of Mr Stein's discussion to the specific themes of the aesthetics of pictures. I do not mean his remarks about "distortion" which are pertinent only if one assumes, as most of the time Mr Stein seems not to, an original standard world which aesthetic vision deforms. I mean his remarks upon pictorial composition; upon what he calls "place," "direction," "interval," "tension"; upon "pictorial seeing," and upon how "to make pictures by seeing them." That these remarks contain any new conceptions or discoveries, I am not prepared to say. But I can say with emphasis that Mr Stein has so completely made his own and so effectively applied the generalizations of men like Denman Ross and Sam Colman, that his restatement of them comes as a rechristening of their doctrines and a revitalization of their meanings. Whether they would apply to other arts—sculpture, architecture, music, poetry, drama, and

movies as well as to drawing and painting—is an unsettled question with which even an abecedarian aesthetic should, I think, have dealt. A more radical and significant omission, significant because it testifies how true, in spite of himself, to the classical traditions is Mr Stein's aesthetics, is that of the quality of climax, the quality of temporal compounding which is common to all the arts. Indispensable to the definition of an aesthetic whole, of whatever kind, climax goes unconsidered by aestheticians, of whatever school, Mr Stein among them.

However, why blame a man for being without a virtue not less lacking in his peers? Rather should he be praised for those he possesses than blamed for poverty in those he knows not of. The virtues of Mr Stein are his adeptness in pictorial seeing, his shrewd *aperçus* of the state of the pictorial arts, his deep sincerity, and his private mastery of the field of aesthetic literature. If his book fails to come off as an initiation for the unlearned, it is an achievement as a review for an adept. Communication, like love, grows by what it feeds on; Mr Stein, it is to be hoped, will continue to write more and more. As he writes, his very considerable powers and insight cannot fail to lay helpful revelations before all lovers of art who seek also to understand it.

H. M. KALLEN

## THE STORY OF EVEREST

THE STORY OF EVEREST. *By Captain John Noel.*  
*8vo. 258 pages. Little, Brown and Company. \$4.*

IT was not until July, 1865, when four men were killed coming down the Matterhorn after making the first ascent, that mountaineering took its place on the front page. What the Matterhorn owed to these deaths, and to a shape which even poor visualizers can almost remember, Mount Everest owes to its height, to the difficulties, physical and formerly political, of approaching its base, to the special risk—of exhaustion in the rarefied air—that its climbers run and must run until better oxygen cylinders have been invented, to the unavoidable expense of every expedition, and to modern publicity. As official photographer in 1922 and 1924 Captain Noel's aim was "to democratize the work of the expedition by disseminating" information through his pictures. His book "is written primarily for those who are not ordinarily interested in mountaineering and Himalayan exploration." No mountain could ask a more delightful kind of publicity than Captain Noel's photographs or his book. Though he begins his story of Everest in 1852, when a Bengali Chief Computer first spotted it as the highest mountain in the world, conciseness seems so easy to him that we hardly notice how remarkable a gift it is, or how quiet.

When Captain Noel is on a lower mountain he may, for all I know, consent to being put into a different pigeon-hole, but in the Himalaya, though he and his Sherpa porters did carry his moving-picture camera up to twenty-three thousand feet, he will not let us call him a mountaineer. His eyes are on the higher six thousand feet of Everest which are the real mountaineers' affair. That passion for difficulty and danger which he shares with them is hidden by an imperturbability and a love of understatement like theirs. Imaginatively, and by knowing how to touch our imaginations, he helps us to guess what breathing must be like high in those mountain winds, where each step up a slight slope threatens

to burst the climber's heart. Captain Noel has also another kind of imagination, a shaping, an artist's imagination, which feels always and makes us feel the Everest adventure as a fight fought by the spirit of man. Imagination gives him his attitude towards the Tibetans. Neither condescending, nor anthropological, he accepts their right to have not only customs but superstitions different from ours. A wise humaneness informs his book, as exciting as Whymper or Mummery, as charming as Leslie Stephen or Claud Shuster, the best Everest book for readers who want only one.

PHILIP LITTELL

## FROM THE AIR

SINCE VICTOR HUGO: French Literature of To-day.  
*By Bernard Faÿ. Translated from the French by  
Paul R. Doolin. 10mo. 178 pages. Little, Brown  
and Company. \$2.*

ALL panoramas are disappointing from the clouds. France itself from the window of the Bourget-Croydon Line is only a checkerboard of ploughed vermilions and childish greens; and we might as well say without reserve that we are disappointed in M Faÿ's panorama, particularly since our disappointment contains a perfectly unsubtle homage to everything we know of M Faÿ. We should prefer him as an intimate guide rather than as the pilot of an airship. M Faÿ seems to have yielded to the temptation to extract from these books, these figures which he tastes and gauges, which he respects and loves, the fine gold essence in order to fashion it into small ornaments, each stamped with his own signature. But that is the privilege of any critic, one may object. It is his business to interpret his subjects, to the best of his ability and good faith of course, but as loftily or as epigrammatically as he chooses. It is his duty to arrest and amuse. . . . Yes, but not to so personal a degree that the subjects themselves are only half revealed to the reader. Faÿ must not be so quintessentially Faÿ that we fail to apprehend Rimbaud. The oasis, however genial its lights and shades, must not conceal too impenetrably the horizon or the vital desert.

One's disappointment in this book may partly be laid to the translation which in general does rather less than justice to the original, and is in places atrocious. After a fine and poignant chapter on Arthur Rimbaud, M Faÿ and his translator together settle down to a murderous dissection of "poor Lélian" whose vagrom ghost must feel even poorer after sensing this estimate: "This ragamuffin in love with everything, this tramp who never rested, this inspired and miserable poet, who had pushed all things too far, and preserved of grandeur only his refusal to settle down, and an unquenchable thirst for alcohol, *women* and the mystical life,

this happy and crafty maniac . . . was bound to fascinate the youth."

"He does all things in love," once said to me an inveterate Hollander, incapable of learning English. He was not speaking of Verlaine, as it happened, but his prose was as incorrigibly Batavian as that of M Fay's translator. Two mysterious neologisms, one absolute mis-statement, and all ending up, like the "smash" in an American short story, with the expression "the youth" (*la jeunesse?*)—what a sentence!

Next we return to prose and come by natural force of contrast to "the master of official French literature," the late M Anatole France. Here the characterization descends from its normal height of mysterious aphorism and becomes singularly direct, bitter, just. M Fay tells the truth about him as no doubt it has never yet been told in English, thanks to the fact that for some reason Anatole France struck a resounding chord in the bosoms of school-teachers, publishers, women of wealth, movie magnates, stock-brokers, socialist orators, Burton Rascoe, in short all our thinking classes. Apparently it was the same for this prophet in his own country. The vulgarity of the sage can be measured by his extreme popularity with the obviously wrong people. Yet his style passed for ultimate perfection; his ideas were regarded as the last word in penetration and balance. This supposed omniscience did not prevent him from ignoring Rimbaud, the greatest single force in French poetry, nor from sniffing delightedly all along the wall the pale odours of poetasters like Coppée and Sully-Prudhomme. In a word, his instincts and appreciations were those of the mob, and richly and not for nothing did the democracy reward him. He had a great funeral. People loved that decaying corpse which had lately so tickled the undecorative animal sleeping in each of us. Understand this, and you will see how exquisite are these few lines of Fay's which lay the last metallic wreath upon that honourless tomb: "By the baseness of his imagination, the frankness of his ignorance, the elegance of his emptiness, he has placed himself close to us all. . . . His success is due especially to what he did not say, did not do, did not desire."

Not a word too much, nor too harsh. *Requiescat.*

Coming at last to our immediate time, we feel that M Fay overestimates the creative importance of certain authors of the

Nouvelle Revue Française, even at the expense of others of the same household. To speak of Schlumberger and almost fail to mention Duhamel, to mention Cocteau, the writer, with respect and to ignore Salmon, seems to us an aberration. The chapter on the ambiguous pontiff of the same literary "trust" is inspired by the natural interest everyone feels for André Gide, though not all of us share M Faÿ's veneration. If Gide is everything that is claimed for him—cerebral, stimulating, coldly voluptuous, dragging up shivering monsters of conduct in his long Protestant net—almost the same could be said for Madame Colette. Corneille once affirmed with great energy that a woman was naturally unable to produce a truly *creative* work. "*Il leur manque quelque chose*," he added. We are not either so dogmatic or so malicious as to say that this is evidently the case of M Gide; none the less "*Il lui manque quelque chose*" seems to us a discreet and legitimate criticism.

And if "something still is lacking" in the case of this brilliant and sincere book, it remains very difficult to suggest how it could have been done better. Manuals of French literature in all periods seem to have been divided between brilliant generalizers like Strachey and M Faÿ, and the dreary cohort of mandarins who, working in the Lanson-Michaud tradition, compile text-books for our academies of mislearning. Is there room for another class of book, more trenchant, more loving, more just, and more personal, all at once? Let us continue to hope so.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT

## THEATRE, SHOW-SHOP, AND DRAMA

**THEATRE.** *Essays on the Arts of the Theatre.* Edited and with an Introduction by Edith J. R. Isaacs. 8vo. 341 pages. Illustrated. Little, Brown and Company. \$4.50.

**A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN DRAMA.** From the Civil War to the Present Day. By Arthur Hobson Quinn. Two volumes. 8mo. 655 pages. Illustrated. Harper and Brothers. \$10.

IT may not be particularly intelligent of me, but I cannot help being impressed by the almost total lack of connexion between the two books listed above. Mrs Isaacs' symposium is concerned with the art, the technique, and a little with the religion of the modern theatre; Professor Quinn's book (which follows a similar work treating of the earlier day of the American drama) specifically limits its field so as not to include the history of the theatre and carefully to include every produced play of significance. In his work, therefore, Mr Belasco has a chapter and Mr Robert Edmond Jones two passing mentions; in Theatre none of the three references to "the wizard" is undiluted praise and there are twenty notations after Mr Jones's name in the index; a section of the book is devoted to "the playwright and the drama," but the focus of interest is elsewhere.

However, that section contains an article by M Edouard Bourdet, author of *The Captive*, which perhaps accidentally justifies the concentration of the whole book on other things. M Bourdet first quotes François Mauriac on the materials of fiction: "The young men and the young women of to-day refuse to consider themselves in any conflict either with a religion to which they no longer adhere, or with the code of morals that has developed from that religion, or with those formal conventions of society that are, in turn, built upon that code of morals. Their passions recognize no effective barrier; they stop at nothing. In other words, for them these conflicts no longer exist."

From this, with a terse and illuminating development, M Bourdet arrives at his own serious conclusion:

"It is thus that the playwright of to-day, harried, pushed by an obscure feeling of what is expected of him, no longer able to consider the moral, social, or religious conflicts on which his predecessors thrived because they are no longer founded on real life, finds himself . . . up against the danger of not being followed by any one at all if he ventures too far into unexplored regions."

Naturally the English critic, Ivor Brown, writing on *The Dramatist in Danger*, says, "the human factor [is] dwarfed by the constructional and mechanical"—the human factor, in any accepted sense, has ceased to be of significance, if his conflicts have ceased to exist.

One goes through Professor Quinn's excellently documented volumes, reading synopses of play after play about Northern spies in Virginia, about women (ladies, then) compromised by visits to men's rooms, about divorce, with the certainty that something beside their stilted manner has staled them: a much more artificial manner has preserved Congreve even when his subjects are more remote. One fancies that Mr Augustus Thomas and Mr Langdon Mitchell and a hundred other playwrights whom the author overestimates, had accepted as subject, not the actuality of their contemporaries' feelings about honour and divorce, but the conventions about these things; one knows that to-day a play about divorce would be concerned not with social opprobrium, but with the tangled emotions of the divorcers. I suppose that is why so many of our plays now deal with the struggle between the older and the younger generation, the older figuring vaguely as the social order, the "thing against which"; it is possible that that is also why most of these plays seem a little unreal to me—the dramatists themselves disbelieving in the conflict they attempt to create. At the end of Professor Quinn's history there rises, most sympathetically treated, the figure of an American dramatist who says:

"I'm always acutely conscious of the Force behind . . . and of the one eternal tragedy of Man in his glorious, self-destructive

struggle to make the Force express him instead of being, as an animal is, an infinitesimal incident in its expression. And my profound conviction is that this is the only subject worth writing about. . . . Of course this is very much of a dream, but where the theatre is concerned, one must have a dream, and the Greek dream in tragedy is the noblest ever." (A private letter to Mr Quinn from Eugene O'Neill.)

The exceptional position of Mr O'Neill in our theatre is due to the conviction he records above; his successes have their source there, and his failures come when he over-reaches himself, when his conceptions, ranging from grand to grandiose, are inadequately expressed (*pace*, the Behaviorists a moment) or when he gets tangled in the American drama of particulars to which he is, essentially, opposed. The best that American drama has done has been to tackle a "big theme."

Mr O'Neill, in his work and in his self-criticism, suggests the obvious thing: that the drama of Man and Destiny is as potent as ever, that it can be re-stated in modern terms. For this re-statement, the new arts of the theatre are invaluable, and for knowing what these arts are, Mrs Isaacs' book is invaluable. Here, succinctly and with only an occasional overflow into sentiment, are the technical bases of the modern theatre: a summary of the theory and practice of the last two decades in lighting, setting, costume, structure of the theatre building and its stage, directing, producing in all its aspects.

As you look over these interesting years in the theatre, you are aware of several things, one pre-eminently: that the new beauty of the arts of the stage has been forced upon the commercial theatre by amateurs, iconoclasts, theorists, artists, little contemptibles, stones rejected by the builders of properties around Longacre Square. (The circumstance should teach humility to conservatives and give courage to radicals; also a little grace to the latter, for their struggle has been neither too long nor too arduous, and some of them have gone over to the other side.) There follows another point of interest. O'Neill is the dramatist associated with the new movement: through the Provincetown group, through Jones, and now through the Theatre Guild; but, omitting him, has the new

theatre created new dramatists? The still unproved expressionists have sources abroad, but they would not have come into being without the labours of the Washington Square Players and other little groups; that is true. But while the freshness of the theatre arts has invaded the commercial theatre, the American playwright has, for the most part, held off. He is still writing moderately well-made plays about more or less imaginary conflicts. And, third point, the new theatre has hardly developed a new art of acting. The actor, to whom Mr Jones dedicated his book of designs, is improving in skill; a few conventions notably inappropriate to the new lights and settings, have been discarded; but the actor has not been worked upon, no new mask has been created in our theatre. The directors have been otherwise engaged.

A few of the essays in *Theatre* suggest the reason. The sceptre in the theatre has passed through many hands: dramatist, actor, designer, director each has held it, and abused it. The new development of the arts of the theatre came after the flagrant abuses of the actor-manager had become intolerable; the actor was ordered down. He needs redevelopment and M André Levinson's essays on the dance and Mr Kreymborg's and Mr Uranoff's essays on Puppets and on vaudeville suggest the sources. In Jean Cocteau's *Roméo et Juliette* a play was produced under the influence of the modern ballet, the production affecting every element in the play from text to the tonality of the players' voices; in *Processional* a play was produced under the influence of American burlesque, without the same unity, but with considerable effectiveness. These isolated instances suggest that the playwrights, at least, are looking for new sources in the show-shop of our own theatre.

It does not seem to me that either of these two books is sufficiently aware of the show-shop: our commercial theatre with its outstanding technical virtuosity, our vaudeville, musical shows, and burlesque where a technique is constantly in development. I am not riding a hobby to death; when I worked on the seven lively arts I was interested in them purely for themselves and remain so; but I am aware of a life in them which can do many things for both the theatre and the drama. The second needs to be made more fruitful, the first more native and less arty. It is not enough to say, generously, that burlesque is good theatre, and I fear that

the virtue of vaudeville will be a little dissipated if we go on for ever calling it *commedia dell'arte*. Mr Uranoff's parallels between our cheap theatre and the Venetian comedy are accurate enough; but there is something else in vaudeville and burlesque which the art theatre ought to study. For this is a theatre of actors and of masks, of players and of characters, in a sense almost unknown in the serious theatre.

There are times when, remembering that the great Hellenic tragedies came down to us with hardly the name of an actor noted, one wonders whether something drastic must not be done to the actor before the theatre can return to its former glory, or create a new one. In the movies I am convinced that the day of the star is done, that movie-players will supplant movie-actors; and if the same thing can be done on the stage, intimacy with the popular theatre is the simplest way of bringing it about.

GILBERT SELDES

## BRIEFER MENTION

**LOVE IN CHARTRES**, by Nathan Asch (12mo, 240 pages; A. & C. Boni: \$2.50). There are times when Mr Asch is very young and lean and hard, speaking with the staccato accents of Ernest Hemingway. There are other times when he is very old and pale and soft, falling into the blurred rhythms of Sherwood Anderson. This is not to affirm that he is wanting in originality; his art merely appears to be still in a formative state. He clearly is driving toward a notable maturity, the possibility of which is indicated in this novel by many passages of richness and insight.

**IDEALS**, by Evelyn Scott (12mo, 401 pages; A. & C. Boni: \$2.50). In these long short stories so brilliantly executed, so sharp, intense, and perceptive, perceptive without being gracious, Mrs Scott causes one's mind to eschew all sluggishness. Too intellectual and too acute for the average reader, and perhaps somewhat too bleak and too ornate for the more fastidious, one fears they may fail to receive the appreciation they undoubtedly deserve.

**MY HEART AND MY FLESH**, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (12mo, 300 pages; Viking Press: \$2.50). The respect one feels for Miss Roberts' writing is perhaps somewhat modified by a tendency on her part to fit her emotions into forms a little obvious and unskillful. Her latest novel is actuated by the same authentic emotion that so strikingly distinguished *The Time of Man*.

**BALLADS FOR SALE**, by Amy Lowell (16mo, 311 pages; Houghton Mifflin: \$2.25) is a third posthumous volume, wide in its range of mood and subject, and in workmanship so uneven that it is permissible to question whether the author, had there been opportunity, might not have made extensive revisions. There are in the collection a few of her finest poems and others only less distinguished; but with them a padding of metrical book-reviews, letters in rhyme, travel sketches, and other occasional pieces—the chief value of which is to reveal, in a new light, the personality of a woman who, for twenty years, was almost our only *poète de carrière*.

The poems collected in **COPPER SUN**, by Countee Cullen (12mo, 89 pages; Harpers: \$2) are of the same range and tenor as those of the author's previous volume, *Color*. The reader has the impression, in fact, that the present work marks neither an advance nor a retrogression. If it is, like *Color*, more than ordinary, it is also considerably less than unique. Perhaps Mr Cullen's evident promise would have a more indubitable fulfilment were he less trustful of his facility.

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NOTE: In reviewing Antheil and the Treatise on Harmony by Ezra Pound, January 1928, page 74, the Editors wished to name Pascal Covici as American publisher.

**FATHER MISSISSIPPI**, by Lyle Saxon (8vo, 427 pages; Century: \$5) is at once a vivid history of a great river and an urgent appeal for its subjugation. The author has dug up the records of the explorers, and set down the exploits of heroes, gamblers, and pioneers—all the fantastic figures which contributed to "the living pageant which moved down the great river through the changing years." The book stands as a notable addition to the chronicles of the middle west, amplified by scores of photographs.

**NEW YORK IS NOT AMERICA**, by Ford Madox Ford (12mo, 291 pages; A. & C. Boni: \$2.50) is "a mirror to the States," but it is not as good as the same author's *Mirror to France*. It backs and fills: in New York one never meets people born in New York—one meets them in Paris; and a moment later, an apology for this statement and an account of meeting a dozen New Yorkers who owned the very ground they were born on. So it is with a number of other things, and the method, highly allusive, discursive, pleasant, makes hard reading in the end. One hopes that future volumes in the *Avignon Edition* will have a few more blank leaves at the end than this book has.

**CALIFORNIA: An Intimate History**, by Gertrude Atherton (8vo, 356 pages; Boni & Liveright: \$3). Although she says that San Francisco "is no more California than Paris is France," Mrs Atherton is too much an artist not to make that city the heroine of her drama, just as French historians inevitably place Paris in the same rôle. The narrative is swift, informal, and dramatic—decidedly more absorbing, in fact, than the average romance. To the original edition published in 1914, the author has added a chapter bringing the history down to date.

**THE OUTLINE OF SANITY**, by G. K. Chesterton (10mo, 259 pages; Dodd, Mead: \$2.50). What Napoleon said that England was—a nation of shopkeepers—Chesterton fervently wishes that England might be, merely qualifying the noun with the adjective "little." His book voices a crusade against trust magnates and monopolists and landowners, "standing upon nothing, except what they have trampled underfoot." He sees a cure for the ills of civilization by "re-creating a peasantry in the modern world," and he sustains his thesis with his accustomed vigour if not his accustomed finesse. But one is sorry to find a writer of Mr Chesterton's wonted standards beginning five successive paragraphs with the lazy pamphleteer's "Now . . ."

**THE THEATRE**, by Stark Young (16mo, 182 pages; Doran: \$1.50) is in the Modern Readers' Bookshelf. It contains nothing to surprise those familiar with Mr Young's other works on the theatre; it contains a great deal to give thought and pleasure to those who are not. It has probably been remarked that Mr Young possesses both sense and sensibility, in nice proportion; he has also respect for his medium. For in this book, which might to others seem a pot-boiler, he has expressed his most delicate thoughts with care and simplicity. One could only wish that the second sentence on page 66 had been less compactly put together.

In **THE ART OF THEATRE-GOING** (10mo, 217 pages; Houghton Mifflin: \$3) John Drinkwater discusses certain problems of the theatre, using as illustrative material some English plays familiar to Americans and some not; he discusses also the cinema and by a simple test disposes of it as serious art, conceding however the integrity of Douglas Fairbanks who goes to great lengths to keep physically fit and of Charles Chaplin who works very hard in preparation for his scenes. There are more intelligent things than these in the book; but Mr Drinkwater lacks the vigour necessary to make them interesting.

**THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE THEATRE**, by Allardyce Nicoll, with 260 illustrations (4to, 246 pages; Harcourt, Brace: \$10). By book and bell and candle, Professor Nicoll proves his contention that the structure of the modern theatre is still closely related to that of the earliest known places of entertainment. Indeed it will surprise most those who have studied the theatre most, to note how little the ground-plan of the theatre changes throughout the centuries. By "bell and candle" are here respectively symbolized the lucid and convincing text and the equally attractive illustrations; and by "book," of course, is meant *this* book, which is an excellent specimen of the publisher's art, and quite in the *genre* of those that are kept conveniently near on reading-tables.

**THE BEST PLAYS OF 1926-27**, and the **Year-Book of the Drama in America**, edited by Burns Mantle (10mo, 563 pages; Dodd, Mead: \$3) shows that ten of New York's leading dramatic critics considered Broadway and Saturday's Children among the ten best plays of the season, and that eight of the same ten considered the unspeakable Constant Wife equally worthy of that position. In this annual, the plays are condensed, with excellent choice of excerpts from the original dialogue. This year, in addition to the three plays already mentioned, there are Chicago, The Road to Rome, The Play's the Thing, The Silver Cord, The Cradle Song, Daisy Mayme, and In Abraham's Bosom. There is besides a great deal of accurate and interesting data on the year in the theatre, not only in New York, but outside. One may quarrel with the plays as chosen and presented, but the brief encyclopaedia of the theatre is very valuable.

**THE FIELD GOD AND IN ABRAHAM'S BOSOM**, by Paul Green (12mo, 317 pages; McBride: \$2) and **LONESOME ROAD, Six Plays for the Negro Theatre** (12mo, 217 pages; McBride: \$2) by the same author, are exceptionally well made books of plays by last year's winner of the Pulitzer Prize. The second of these is made up of short plays, one of them a one-act version of In Abraham's Bosom. All of the plays in negro dialect are extremely hard reading; one turns to The Field God where no such difficulty exists and is rewarded with simplicity and power. In the introduction to the short plays, Barrett H. Clark calls In Abraham's Bosom, then neither published nor produced, "one of the most beautiful and tragic modern plays." Professor Green's work seems peculiarly solid and dignified; even the queer interruption of lines like "away from it all" are forgiven for an honest disdain of meretriciousness.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN EX-COLOURED MAN, by James Weldon Johnson (8vo, 211 pages; Knopf: \$3) published anonymously in 1912, amply justifies the distinction with which it is clothed in the present re-issue. In its pages one finds most of the ore which has—in the ensuing decade and a half—been wrought into the growing structure of negro art and achievement; it is a fascinating story and a tempered study of a great problem. GOD'S TROMBONES, by the same author (8vo, 56 pages; Viking Press: \$2.50) is one of the achievements foreshadowed in the autobiography—a collection of negro sermons in verse, giving literary form to the emotional exhortations of the old-time preacher. They are marked by a childlike fervour and intensity.

SAMUEL SEWELL'S DIARY, edited by Mark Van Doren (12mo, 272 pages; Macy-Masius: \$2.50) would seem an over-abridgement of the original three volumes, but it still covers a respectable span (1675-1729) in the public and private days of an early Bostonian of the chiefer sort. Very various happenings are noted in an all too shorthand manner, from town and colonial affairs, such as the setting up of "a Whiping Post by the middle watch house," or of high words with Mr Cotton Mather, or of training militia companies against the French and Indians, to the self-communings of the diarist on the births or deaths of certain of his multitudinous children. The diary is interesting indeed, but the representation on the slip-cover, of Judge Sewell as "the American Pepys," is as unfortunate as only advertising can be.

THE INGENIOUS HIDALGO: Miguel Cervantes, by Han Ryner, translated from the French by J. H. Lewis (10mo, 243 pages; Harcourt, Brace: \$2.75). No literary task is more difficult than imaginative biographical writing. There has emerged to us out of the past a definite impression of Cervantes, an impression formed by tradition, by his written word, and by recorded scraps of utterance, and it is exceedingly difficult to replace this unconscious impression by the person of the author's fancy. To those of us who passionately honour the shadowy figure of this "Phenix of wits" who fought at Lepanto, who spent so much of his life in captivity, and whose corpse at the last was carried "with its face uncovered," it is scarcely possible to feel anything but impatience with Han Ryner's bookish evocation.

SHAKESPEARE STUDIES, by Elmer Edgar Stoll (8vo, 502 pages; Macmillan: \$4) are ably and amply devoted to the needed work of discouraging the psychological anachronisms that infest modern Shakespeare criticism, and of suggesting more directly intelligible points of view. There is "little psychological analysis and no pathology" in Shakespeare, as the author does much to show. And the over-elaborate psycho-critical examinations of Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, and so forth, which have been so popular of late, are somewhat beside the point, since most of the questions raised can be answered by a plain reading of the text in the light of what is known of Elizabethan stage convention and Shakespeare's by no means involved or obscure dramatic methods.

**MARCEL PROUST, His Life and Work**, by Léon Pierre-Quint, translated from the French by Hamish and Sheila Miles (8vo, 256 pages; Knopf: \$3.50). M Pierre-Quint writes with restraint and insight and contributes much that is important to our knowledge of this great, and most lovable, and most complex of artists, this "frequenter" of aristocratic society, who extracted its secret with its sting to enrich our irony, this eager, dying man with his feverish questions, his stintless generosity, and his celebrated sensitiveness. In his "sealed chamber" we contemplate him, while, with the scrupulous, uplifted passion of a monk of the Middle Ages, he transcribes to paper his priceless illuminated secrets, secrets that in their nervous haste for expression are only just able to outstrip his remorseless opponent.

**ANATOLE FRANCE, The Parisian**, by Herbert Leslie Stewart (10mo, 394 pages; Dodd Mead: \$3) is, in the better sense of an unjustly depreciated word, a conventional study of the ideas of Anatole France. The examination here made of the great Academician's intellectual equipment, processes, and product, is conceived in the light of the question, what are the values of these things to modern men of good will? If the carrying out of the scrutiny is not so effective as it might be (it could manifestly benefit, for instance, by compression) one can yet be gratified that it is constantly intelligent and moderate, even—and how rare this is—where the well-known salacity of Anatolian humours is concerned.

**AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF BLAKE**, by Max Plowman (12mo, 183 pages; Dutton: \$2.50) should be read in conjunction with Mr Foster Damon's *William Blake*, a longer work which it complements and expands. The present author concerns himself less with the poet than with the neglected prophet of the *Jerusalem* ("his longest and greatest book") and *The Book of Thel* ("perhaps the most beautiful narrative poem ever written"). This enthusiasm would be more persuasive if it were qualified by the admission that Blake's ideas on religion and sex were sometimes mistaken.

**HANDBOOK OF THE CLASSICAL COLLECTION** (The Metropolitan Museum of Art) by Gisela M. A. Richter (brochure, 8vo, 354 pages; Metropolitan Museum of Art: \$1). Renoir once said that a single *morceau* of carving from the best Greek period was sufficient to prove that the people of that time were happy. That was spoken by an artist; a man of imagination. Not all of us are imaginative artists, alas, and it is possible to wonder, sometimes, what the average American of culture gets from the many fragments and mutilated specimens of early Greek sculpture so jealously guarded by our museum. Certainly Miss Richter, their curator, takes a fond delight in them and does her learned best to share her enthusiasm with the general. The new handbook of the collection is a handsome volume and though many of the trifling objects illustrated in it awaken the misgivings of the sensitive, certainly the great carved capital of the Ionic temple of Artemis, at Sardis, goes a long way towards justifying Renoir's saying.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, Modern Times 1660-1914, by Emile Legouis and Louis Cazamian, translated from the French by W. D. MacInnes and Louis Cazamian (8vo, 499 pages; Macmillan: \$5). With a culture characteristic of European scholarship, and a lucidity and detachment eminently French these two urbane professors continue their study of English literature. The period covered in this, the second and last volume of their researches, is from the Restoration up to the first decade of the present century.

GREAT NAMES, Being an Anthology of English and American Literature from Chaucer to Francis Thompson, with introductions by various hands, and drawings by J. F. Horrabin after original portraits, edited by Walter J. Turner (8vo, 282 pages; Lincoln MacVeagh, Dial Press: \$5). In spite of attractiveness of title, an agreeable format, and evident editorial skill not only in escaping triteness of selection from writers already widely anthologized, but in avoiding the crudely piecemeal effect that usually attaches to collections including prose as well as verse—in spite of such virtues this compilation impresses the reader as being a rather obvious lesson in the pitfalls of anthology-making. Its formidable difficulty—the difficulty of most brief anthologies—is its ambition to represent a large and varied company of eminent spirits within a compass that is plainly inadequate. Something no doubt could be done in a thousand or fifteen hundred pages, but in the present two hundred eighty, so great a galaxy as this can barely be indicated. Thus the violence of enforced brevity invades the transaction, and brings in its train an appearance of superficiality, the effect of which is here unfortunately heightened by the perfunctory manner in which several of the too-brief critical introductions have been written. The composition of these was distributed among numerous current writers of name—Edmund Blunden, Virginia Woolf, H. W. Nevinson, Lascelles Abercrombie, and others—several of whom, whether because of lack of space, or for less pardonable reasons, are either wanting in justice to the authors they introduce, or to themselves.

OUR TIMES: Volume II—America Finding Herself, by Mark Sullivan (8vo, 668 pages; Scribners: \$5). In reporting the progress of the average American through the years 1900-1908, Mr Sullivan considers the formative influence of pre-modern education, when children were reading McGuffey, learning the state capitals in rhyme, and were being morally influenced; he recalls to us, with much else, McKinley cartoons and favourite songs, the day of trusts and Augean packing-houses, Doctor Wiley's crusade for pure food, our efforts to fly, and our conviction that the automobile could supplement the horse. In continuation—indeed in repetition of Volume I—he portrays Theodore Roosevelt as assembling and putting flesh on the national dry bones, as lecturing other "outstanding" Americans with regard to their public and private morals, and as capturing America in Jack-the-giant-killer not unproductive fashion. The domestic exhibit has somewhat defied assorting and winnowing, but it is of the camera and we await with attention Mr Sullivan's two next un-average albums of average American photographs.

## THE THEATRE

I CANNOT help thinking that the most significant event in the theatre this month is not an opening, but a closing: the end of the comparatively brief run of *THE LETTER*, in which Katharine Cornell is the star. *THE LETTER* was not so bad a play as I had been told; it is trashy and it fails to work its melodramatic content for all it is worth, but the reason for its failure lies in the little remnant of integrity which Mr Maugham held on to when he refused to compound a crime by being sentimental about it. He allows the adulterous wife who has killed her lover to say, at the very end, "With all my heart I loved the man I killed," and the audience hates it.

About Miss Cornell it was truly said that her performance adds nothing to her repute; it was a satisfaction to see that she remained for the most part unsullied by the tawdriness of her play. In the first act she has to give a long explanation of why she has killed a man—the explanation is a lie, for she pretends that the man was almost a stranger to her, and claims that she killed him in defence of her chastity. And with only the slightest aid from the text Miss Cornell charged this recital with such emotion that it became not a lie, but a truthful history of her love for the man, a bravura piece of the highest technical quality.

So, on the whole, one fancies no harm has been done. But Miss Cornell now goes on the road with a flashy and trivial play, driven away from everything interesting and fruitful in the theatre; add this year to the years in *THE GREEN HAT* and under Belasco and the total is impressive. For almost as many years as she has been recognizably the finest of the young actresses in our theatre (and the word young is merely a habit, a superfluity, for Miss Cornell's youth is not nearly so important as her genius) she has been appearing in bad plays. Some of them were meretricious and dishonest; the present one is not even the best of its insignificant kind. I have no feeling that Miss Cornell ought to appear in the sombre drama, unless she wants to; I would give anything to see her test her range in light comedy where she would be compelled to hold high rein on her superb intensity. I wish only that

she could disentangle herself from whatever commitments now cast her in bad plays which aren't, as in the present instance, even commercially important.

Of the only interesting aspect of *SPELLBOUND*, Mr Krutch wrote in *The Nation*:

"So extraordinarily vivid is the personality of Miss Pauline Lord that she renders it almost impossible to judge as a play any piece in which she happens to be appearing. She has created a character which has an independent existence apart from any of the rôles which she is called upon to play; that character is one which is quite evidently an expression of her temperament; and she transfers it almost intact from play to play. She does not so much interpret as live, upon the stage at least, the character of a certain specific tragically bewildered woman, and though she speaks the lines which the dramatist has assigned to her she seems to be enacting in an almost somnambulistic state some episode in a dream-life of her own."

This is true and constitutes a condemnation of Miss Lord from which she must soon appeal. In *SPELLBOUND* you ticked off on your fingers the reminiscences of all the plays in which she appeared: *ANNA CHRISTIE* was there and *LAUNZI* and *THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED*; and here and there a reference not only to her past, but to the pasts of Miss Barrymore and Miss Laurette Taylor. I think one reason was the feebleness of the character-drawing in the part she was asked to portray, for in spite of the underlying temperamental identity, Miss Lord has been able to make her other parts distinct, to avoid a mannerism in one, to exploit it in another. She has, perhaps unfortunately for her artistic progress, created a character for which dramatists now are writing parts; her salvation would be to be cast in an old play for which she would necessarily go through the creative process again.

I noted last month that *THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA* was the most satisfactory production of Shaw the Guild has made since *HEARTBREAK HOUSE* and also that Mr Dudley Digges directed it; if this is coincidence, let the Guild make the best of it. It was Shaw

played for everything he had—the wit and the intelligence and the drama and the farce and the emotion; it showed up his faults without attempting to make capital of them. The playing was extremely good and, what interested me exceptionally, was at a level of goodness, the principals and the minor characters preserving some unity, as of people living together. Mr Lunt, perforce, drew out of this unity in his final scene—I do not know how he could have helped it—and emphasized certain moments which I had not always thought important; although he was not the genius-scoundrel I had always imagined, I accepted his creation because it was thorough, thought out, and complete.

Mr Lunt, Miss Hayes in *COQUETTE*, Miss Cornell in *THE LETTER*, and a number of other players have been permitted this season to sit in such relation to the footlights, and with such imperfect lighting from above, that shadows have distorted or obscured their faces precisely at moments when they should have been most clear. During a long period of Mr Lunt's presence on the stage I looked down his throat. Where do directors sit when they are directing?

Briefly: In *MANHATTAN MARY*, Ed Wynn is less ingenious, and more zany than ever, disarmingly attractive, always funny; he is becoming more and more the Pantalone, and it is his own creation, unmatched by any one else. Lou Holtz is also funny in this piece and its one good song, *It Won't be Long Now*, is murdered by an orchestration suggesting dish-pans and a tempo inappropriate to the words and music. Some of the dances are extremely interesting.

—*THE RACKET* is one of the best of the season's melodramas—and it is a season rich in them. The language, the movement, are interesting; John Cromwell and Edward G. Robinson play skillfully; the director, unnamed, has done a good job; the producer, Alexander McKaig, another.—*OUT OF THE SEA* was so badly directed and so ill played that it was quite impossible to discover what its peculiar quality was; it became only another of those plays in which people come up out of a shipwreck and fall in love with the wrong man and are very mysterious.—*FALLEN ANGELS* is the second play of the Actors' Theatre season under Guthrie McClintic. It isn't much good. A few witty lines, an entire act

in which Fay Bainter and Estelle Winwood go through the varying phases of two women getting drunk while waiting for the re-appearance of a former lover (of both—that's the play's novelty). Miss Winwood was miscast.

Not precisely "the theatre": Angna Enters gave, a few weeks ago, her last recital before a trip to Europe, under auspices a little more splendid socially than any of her others. Three or four times, in the course of the evening, she shone with genius; the rest of the time she was dazzling with incomparable talents; all the time she was unpredictable, honest, a virtuoso with the control of a technician and the integrity of a religious zealot. She was not at her best and I was, with the exceptions of genius noted above, more impressed than overwhelmed. I am willing to take my aesthetic pleasure in this mood; and when I think of Miss Enters' long solitary struggle, I am elated at her success.

$2 \times 2 = 5$  is the Civic Repertory going down hill. An imported piece of goods without exceptional merit as a satire, with an unusual amount of dulness—a sort of *BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK* with all the points blunted, and a lot of commonplace jibing at respectability. The intention was to produce it in a stylization approaching the marionette-play; it failed. The settings had the wit which the play and the acting lacked. The theatre's "find" of the season, Mr Sothern, was particularly in need of toning down and of whatever, in the theatre, corresponds to the punishment of small boys who show off before their elders. I hope sincerely that Miss Le Gallienne's enterprise isn't going to pieces—the appearance of one negligible play is not a sign, I know; but the earnestness and the sincerity with which this trash was produced worries me.

Reinhardt's *MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM* is a producer's fantasy on a theme by Shakespeare. I do not mean that it isn't Shakespeare's play: as a play it interested me as much as any other production of it I have seen, which isn't very much. It is, actually, a revel, and lends itself to the elaborate fittings and trappings Reinhardt has given it. The stage structure is full of tricky planes and affords a lovely perspective: the first procession goes "out into the night" with torches against the stars and seems really to pass

into remoteness; the dances occur in space, not on inadequate platforms. Reinhardt has moulded his production well; he appeals to all the senses with a certain proportion. But I felt that his true genius—the genius behind *THE SERVANT OF TWO MASTERS*, for example—was not in this play; the production counted too much on bigness, on whatever was lavish, and cared little for the carrying elements of the play. The Athenian workmen were highly entertaining, and Puck, played by Sokoloff, seemed all the more a creation because one compared him with the Peter-Pannish versions of the part known on our stage.

The Irish Players, with all their familiar and admirable qualities are here, having presented, for a start, Sean O'Casey's *THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS*. They are one of the great companies of players—one of the few—and no one who cares at all about the theatre should miss them. I shall review in some detail next month Mr O'Casey's second play, and others of the repertoire.

The night clubs do not come specifically into my field; but fearing that no one else will touch them, I suggest a visit to the Parody Club on one of the early nights of the week when Mr Durante is either trying out new material or indulging his fancy for madness in his song about Daniel the "mowing fool" and other such indescribable nonsense. In comparison with Durante all the other "nut comedians" and workers in the field of absurdity are sober and logical. Mr Robert Benchley has quite properly given warning that the satirical content in Durante's effects is negligible. The fun is not negligible—by any means.

GILBERT SELDES

## MODERN ART

DESPIAU, the French sculptor, seems to be one of those rare artists, like Ingres and Mr Charles Chaplin, who are acceptable both to the right and to the left factions. Not in recent years has there been a New York success so sudden and so sweet as his. I have kept an attentive ear but I have heard no objecting voice. The sales have been rather tumultuous and praise resounds in chorus. It is apparent that the classicists and the modernists unite in approval, and yet it is far from certain that either of these political parties will be able to use him in argument.

Despiau is modern only in the fact that he lives to-day. He doesn't speak the current language. "He abhors all abstractions." (It is M Adolphe Basler speaking.) "The eye of the sculptor cherishes no systematic simplifications; his science of form is based upon feeling and expression and has no respect for mathematical harmony. . . . One can even conjure up Donatello or Mino da Fiesole before these effigies with their noble and characteristic features. Modesty is their charm." These few sentences practically imply everything that need be said in regard to the Despiau style. Of Despiau the man we should like to know a little more. I seem to have been told that he has reached his sixtieth year, that he lives quietly and away from the main stream, in Paris, and that he works always slowly and sometimes for years on a single piece. He is clearly a survival from the period that produced Rodin and Maillol. Working for years on a single piece does not, it seems, make him stilted. It is the freshness of the impression, as much as anything, that astonishes the observer. He has a predilection for the portrait bust. He does not, however, search for the distinguished model. Any human being is to him, apparently, a distinguished product. I suppose, of course, that he does choose. But he contents himself, in his enquiries, with "the usual people" that Walt Whitman saw crossing Brooklyn Ferry, and arrives at conclusions in regard to them that are infinitely interesting.

In the Brummer Gallery's collection there is but one figure piece to speak of, but it is—to use one of Mr Roosevelt's terms—a corker. In an account of it, written for *The New York Sun*, I permitted myself a rhetorical outburst which, since the enthusiasm that in-

spired it has by no means abated, I don't mind repeating. I said: "We are too remote now from the sources of life for our artists to put forward with any sincerity a literal view of 'Eve the Mother' and Despiau contents himself with breathing immortal life into just another 'Ideal Woman.' She is young and, to use an abused word, lush. If I were not afraid to use two abused words in juxtaposition, I should say she were as lush as a ripe peach. There are no architectural helps. She stands naked and unadorned, supported, I dare to say, on the two most beautiful legs in all sculpture. I have never seen anything like them. In reaching out for vague comparisons I can do no better than to cite again the 'Dying Gaul' of the Vatican, the long lines in the back of which have a like elegance. . . . The 'Grande Eve' is unquestionably one of the masterpieces of modern times. This is so apparent that it came upon me almost as a shock to learn that it has been purchased for the Luxembourg in Paris. It is not the usual thing for rarities of this order to be absorbed so quickly into official institutions. There must be some mystery about this acceptance. Perhaps we shall learn the interesting details later on. In the meantime it is to be hoped that the Luxembourg authorities will clear away a lot of that sculptural trash that chokes its outer vestibules and give the 'Grande Eve' a whole 'salle' to herself, like the Venus de Milo in the Louvre."

M Basler, the official prefacer for the exhibition, scarcely shares these transports of mine. "In so far as large statuary is concerned," he writes, "the case of Despiau is identical with that of Rodin, whose plastic errors call to mind the impulsive workmanship of the great masters of colour. Despiau's execution is, however, less crude, less laboured; his candour and delicacy assert themselves in the chaste beauty of his lines, in the firmness of his silhouettes and the youthfulness and abandoned grace of his forms." But M Basler didn't see the *Grande Eve* at Brummer's. It happens to be exceedingly well shown. It has a miraculous light—and everyone who has had much to do with handling works of art, knows that the best of them can be appreciably damaged by an unfortunate installation.

"Decidedly with misgivings," as Mr Burke said on his recent embarkation into the realms of music, I venture a little disquisition

upon the Gallery of Living Art. This is a public art gallery attached to the New York University and it is designed to be a permanent repository for contemporary art. Although concerned with Mr A. E. Gallatin in the editorial direction of it, the present writer shuns the editorial "we" and prefers to think, at present, and as an outsider merely, of the possibilities of such an institution rather than its present performance. The possibilities are endless, of course, and in limiting its endeavour to *causes célèbres* of the present and in leaving the past to the Metropolitan and the future to Miss Katherine Dreier, there is a great saving in energy for all concerned; and by "all concerned," I include the general public. Time has a way of marching on apace, and the new gallery will be, I suppose, continually treading upon Miss Dreier's heels. The exhibition of "advanced art," generalised by that lady in the Brooklyn Museum last year, was superb as a gesture, and I could not resist the wish that it might have been kept on view until one's eyes had grown used to focusing upon the new material. That a considerable portion of the population has quite grown used to what is now generally called "modern art" was indicated by the calm behaviour of those who came to a pre-view of the Living Art. To be sure they were picked persons, but even so, most of them, ten years ago, would have walked out in a huff upon seeing the new Picasso there shown. This time there was scarcely a murmuring word. I believe one of the professors of the University did permit himself to say something to one of the other professors—but privately. There was nothing approaching a "scene." This is almost evidence that a paternalistic attitude toward Picasso and Matisse is no longer necessary. The hour approaches when they must be handed over to the Metropolitan and new heroes searched for. In the mean time, they, and John Marin the American, serve admirably as the types of artists a contemporary gallery must always help. None of these three have had desperate careers particularly. I don't mean that. Picasso and Matisse are both men who can fight the world on even terms and Marin had the luck to find a Stieglitz to battle for him. The loss was the public's. In the new régime they will get to know such people quicker.

## MUSICAL CHRONICLE

THE most important newer works offered during the month were of a churchly sort—Kodály, Kaminski, Pizzetti: the last possessing a kind of elegant and tactful piousness; the second equally tenuous in its mysticism though displaying much technical astuteness; and the first, the Kodály *Psalmus Hungaricus*, an Old Testament God-fearing rage where worship transpires in terms of lamentation and malicious rejoicing. It is undoubtedly this Kodály whose virtues are the most obvious. Here the bluntness and clumsiness which are deliberately exploited as such in his *Háry Janos Suite* (also played in December for the first time by the Philharmonic) are altered but not transformed to serve as musical setting for a Hungarian version of the Fifty-fifth Psalm, for tenor solo, chorus, and orchestra. The work necessarily relied upon volume, for in this spiteful prayer there was little reverence and much riot; and when "they now attack me, they my bitterest foes," the orchestra is occasionally prompted to too credulous an onslaught—but it is a reduction to absurdity worth suffering in the interests of those other times when the same heavy-footed methods are more successful. We may some day—not in despair but by precept—throw over the search for a perfect work of art, on the simple decision that the virtues of a given work can be produced only out of its vices, and that aesthetic enjoyment involves some spirit of barter on the part of the audience. In any case, by the mere expedient of not cherishing his resentments too long, one is able to share the savagery of this music, its brutality in the midst of paeans.

This had been preceded the same evening by Heinrich Kaminski's *Magnificat*, for solo soprano, solo viola, small chorus, and orchestra. It is perhaps not without significance that the composer selected for his solo parts the soprano voice and the viola, two timbres which duplicate rather than supplement each other, thus giving us more temperament than balance—and the piece seems to have been maintained generally in these higher and more agile registers. So much so, in fact, that the sound of the contrabassoon, reinforcing his choral parts not like an instrument but

like a voice, could be seized upon in our technically conditioned hysteria as something anchorlike in its depth. Kaminski, we do not scruple to learn from Mr Gilman, "has revolted against the programmatic and delineative methods of Strauss, no less than against the insidious influence of the French impressionists," and "belongs to that wing of the modernists in Germany who have adopted as their slogan 'Back to Bach.'" His music, indeed, has the interweaving of polyphony, but in this piece at least his themes are much less assertive than those of the *Magnificat* by Johann Sebastian.<sup>1</sup> There is recital, even spirited recital, but no *aria*.

The Kodály and Kaminski numbers were given by the Philharmonic, under the direction of Mengelberg. The Pizzetti was conducted by Bodanzky, in a performance by the Society of the Friends of Music. This music, in so far as it reverts, turns to the church modes of the Mediterranean; and in contrast to the instrumental subtlety of Kaminski the orchestration is humble, even barren, hardly more than an interpolation among the voices, the servility of the instruments in fact often being carried to the extent of simple repetition and of long passages in unison. In the *Sacra Rappresentazione di Abramo e d'Isaac* we have a dramatic story told with little drama but much lyric sweetness. The burden of the events, the sacrifice of Abraham, is conveyed by a narrator; but unlike the tenor narratives of Bach, the progress from the musical standpoint is interrupted as the plot is explained in unsung prose. This procedure, heralded as a device, is in reality a lapse, for the accumulative effect is lost, the exposition not being integrated to the solos and chorals. The narrative is thus, musically, without theatre—and we miss such inventions as the admonitory chord on the organ, serving like a gloriola, with which Bach precedes each utterance of his *Christus*. His most persuasive mood is a kind of gentle rejoicing, devout and even effete, which was at its best when we learn that yes, Isaac would be spared. The music at such times rises to comparative complexity.

The secular novelties must have been inferior. We have in mind the *Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra* by Delius, the

<sup>1</sup> Played earlier in the season by the Society of the Friends of Music, under Bodanzky. Strangely enough, in the Bach *Magnificat* the delineative method does figure inceptively, as Bach shows a tendency to handle his subject after the semi-operatic manner of his *Passions*. And the transition from narrative parallels to pictorial parallels is an indeterminate one.

Impressions du Midi by Von Brucken Fock, the Háry Janos Suite by the Kodály of the Hungarian Psalm, and the Symphonic Poem, "Morocco," written and conducted by Ernest Schelling. The virtues of Kodály, as we have said, seem to flower better in the church piece than in the less dangerous and equally less rewarding form of Eulenspiegel pranks and marvels. The orchestra had begun with a sneeze, but Mr G. H. G. von Brucken Fock, impressionist beyond Debussy, made the waves break upon the shore, and interspersed other pensive scenes with dances. The Schelling number has taken well with Philharmonic audiences, and has already been repeated. It too is a series of impressions. The work is described by the composer as a "symphonic poem in four connected movements," and indeed the same patently weird atmosphere, pursued with too good faith, does permeate the whole. The number seemed diffuse, with its rare moments of vitality threatening to transcend its programme, and culminating in a war dance which was even more obvious than one might have expected. As to the Delius, Beatrice Harrison as solo 'cellist played with restlessly subdued energies, with elation, and even with violence something which was without energy, without elation, and flaccid. The work, like the Deity, has been praised in terms of negatives; and thus we have, for our admiration, the formlessness, the absence of climax, the lack of excitement, all of which can be found without going to concerts at the Philharmonic. The incongruity between the soloist's toil and the fruits of her efforts could hardly have been greater had the audience been separated from her by a wall of sound-proof glass, so that her problems and her triumphs could be observed as a purely mimetic event, without the production of any tones whatever. We were left with the desire to hear this artist in something more sprightly; perhaps she should give, in "modern dress," some familiar work of a pronouncedly lyrical character, long defunct on the score of over-conformity, but now a candidate for revival perversely. Under such conditions, a substratum of naïve song could have existed in our memory while the violation of it occurred in the ear—but to apply such preciousity to the Delius number was only to conspire with the composer, to carry him further in his own direction.

Did not another performer, this time a pianist, Miss Karin Dayas, fare better, who filled the small volume of Steinway Hall

with sturdy pianola music? The evening was uniform, but eloquent. Perhaps the pianist contributed as much as Bartók to the grimness of *The Night's Music*, the antipode to Mozart's *Kleine Nachtmusik*, which is also Miss Dayas' nearest approach to reverie—a subject where, in lieu of reminiscence, we have repetition. For the continual dwelling upon a certain persistent run soon passes beyond obsession into embarrassment.<sup>1</sup> But the enlightenment returned with *The Chase*, and continued in this vein through Prokofieff, Gruenberg, and Milhaud. The pianist, however, had begun with Hindemith, and it is to Hindemith that we return. Here is music strong in design; it need not telescope its effects into lump contrasts such as those of Prokofieff, for whom variety is a leap of five octaves. Here indeed was the composer who best interpreted Miss Dayas' boldness.

Not new, but new to us, was "La Valse," *Choreographic Poem for Orchestra*, by Maurice Ravel. Here is the Viennese waltz, at once distilled and distorted. It is not the vandalism of burlesque; it is not satire, but apology—written surely by a musician who is only too sensitive to the most orthodox virtues of a style as remote from ourselves as the minuet. If Ravel departs from his models, and in doing so inflicts great violence upon them, his departure is grudging. His version of the waltz is a true restoration, a restoration in terms of the historically altered. In its ill-tempered lyricism, its vacillation between assurance and defeat, its submergence of song beneath epistemology, it can symbolize what we choose to call our modern complexity more fully than any of the more consistently chaotic works. In this respect, it resembles the Strawinsky orchestration of Pergolesi's *Pulcinella*, where the tangents of the instruments cannot escape the core of thorough-going melody. In the Ravel number, however, this *status evanescantiae*, this indeterminate overlap of obedience and

<sup>1</sup> Is Bartók, we wonder, being as fairly treated in America as his countryman Kodály? He appeared at the Philharmonic as solo pianist recently, playing at his *début* a work which he wrote nearly twenty-five years ago, at the age of twenty-three. The work does not profit by comparison with another work by a young nationalist, the Grieg concerto. In contrast to the spontaneity and independence of the Grieg (albeit they were qualities which could not be developed much further) the Bartók labours under Brahmsian mannerisms; and the Magyar element is, in comparison to the Kodály pieces, still faint.

insolence, is carried to the point of flagellation. Perhaps it is a method which even one composer could not continue to exploit.

As Mengelberg's seasonal engagement with the Philharmonic comes to a close, we feel the need of some phrase no less than Roman to formulate his sound services. He could fortify one in the belief that art is an aspect of behaviour, that heroism resides in an heroic imagining. There is little pleading in his orchestra, but much deliberateness—and thus he seems most adequate in giving works like the Fifth Symphony, or the Meistersinger prelude, where solidity can be so much a part of the appeal. We mean, not too obscurely, that he is the best in the best music. In such music, to stress the minor internal plots is automatically to stress the consistency of the whole, and his conducting is a continual disclosure of these incidental purposes. The firmest music will issue under his baton with its quality of firmness scrupulously maintained.

KENNETH BURKE

## COMMENT

PIETY: Why, did you hear him tell his dream?

CHRISTIAN: Yes, and a dreadful one it was, I thought; it made my heart ache as he was telling of it, but yet I am glad I heard it

JOHN BUNYAN

IN the work of Thomas Hardy as in the writings of Bunyan, there is the sense of mortality—not divided from immortality. We are spoken to by a wisdom in which there is “something of ecstasy” and by a spirit kindly concerned with the “phantasmal variousness” of existence. Deprecating Vanity Fair and the town where “this lusty fair is kept,” Bunyan says, “he that will go to the [Celestial] city, and yet not go through this town, must needs go out of the world.” Mr Hardy’s guidance of us through “the pleasing agonies and painful delights” of an imagined world has, like Bunyan’s, caused ordinariness to be clothed with extraordinariness. Irrefutably, seductively, severely, unselfconsciously urgent in their verisimilitude, the rude incidents and the elate, the work of his hands and the travel of his feet, constitute the life and flower of a pilgrim’s universe. Humanity has perhaps forgotten how, “sepulchre-clad” with insincerity, it visited abuse upon Tess of the D’Urbervilles and other of Mr Hardy’s apologetics for purity and goodness. In adjudging as he did, he has made it ever after, less possible that convention should “perish the understanding.” His martyr-like sincerity drew the world as an undertow toward true vision and into respect for his un-overbearing certitude. Such propriety of enchantment and ancient wisdom emerging from reverie, we can be proud to show to succeeding ages.

In life as in death a great man cannot be saved from pursuit by the curious, but Mr Hardy’s suppliant silence, his sequestration so native as to seem kind, should protect him even now from intrusion. We remember, in *A Laodicean*, his remark, “incurious unobservance is the true attitude of cordiality.” The quickset privacy of Max Gate, with its concealed entrance, which seems unapproachable rather than forbidding, is not at variance with

the fact that it stands "on the road" and calls itself by the name of the adjacent once used toll-gate.

Home-loving and apart as he was, nothing was more remote from his intention than that a region which he felt to be his retreat should be conspicuous with monuments pre-eminently his. But no named memorial can be so poignantly commemorative as certain unpremeditated reminders. The figure of The White Hart with gilded eyes, antlers, and chain; the ancient bridge over The Frome; the cattle market; The King's Arms; "the grizzled church" of Saint Peter; "the peremptory clang" of its curfew chime at eight in the evening as signal for the shops to close; and that of the alms-house, "with a preparative creak of machinery more audible than the note of the bell"; fixed in one's consciousness as when received in the bright rain of summer, these stay in the mind like the *timbre* of heard speech. With yet more immanence perhaps, the black yews in Stinsford churchyard, the head-stones with sculptured angels above graves of members of his family, the peal of bells and the Norman font, are component with what Mr Hardy has told us. And their important seclusion is his.

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